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## SIU Alumnus

Southern Illinois University Office of Alumni Services

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# SIU Alumnus



*What's My Degree?*

JUNE, 1951



# SIU Alumnus

Editor

MAXINE BLACKMAN, '47

Associate Editor

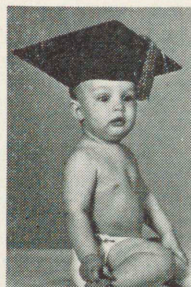
MARSHALL L. SMITH, '51

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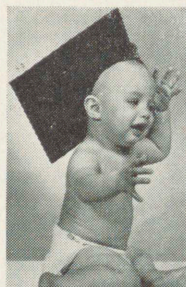
## Our Cover Story



Before



During



After

Seven months old Harry Reinert, III, gives his reaction to Commencement. His father, a member of this year's graduating class, has been awarded a scholarship to study philosophy at Emory University, Atlanta, Ga., next Fall.

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## SIU Alumni Association

W. W. Vandever, '09 . . . . .	President
Lowell E. Roberts, '15 . . . . .	Vice President
Mrs. John Lewis, '32 . . . . .	Secretary
WAYNE M. MANN, '42 . . . . .	Director of Alumni Services

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## Comments, Please!

This is the first issue of your new magazine, the SIU Alumnus, and we hope that you will read it thoroughly and critically and send us your comments.

We have tried to give you timely University and alumni news items and have added some special features including one of the year's best short stories written by one of our faculty members.

The special articles written by alumni and the news items contributed by alumni for this issue were greatly appreciated, for the publication could not have been done without their cooperation.

Those of you who did not contribute to this issue are asked to send in material which you think would be of interest or to suggest features you would like to see in the magazine.

Don't forget the SIU ALUMNUS is your magazine, and all of you are staff reporters.—Ed.

## The Editor



Maxine Blackman Blackman, the attractive young editor of the SIU Alumnus.

Maxine received a Liberal Arts degree in 1947 and a master's degree in 1949. Since 1947 she has worked as a faculty assistant in the University Information Service and has recently been granted full faculty status as Editor of Alumni Publications.



# The Responsibilities of Alumni

WAYNE M. MANN '42

Director of Alumni Services

The alumni of all institutions of higher learning must support the segments of our culture which best perpetuate our way of life. Education must be nurtured and cultivated so that future generations can appreciate the efforts of those who have worked to build our society—a society which allows opportunity for those capable and interested.

Alumni responsibility demands an awareness consistent with the national temper; it demands thoughtfulness based on an informed philosophy dedicated to serving the best public interests. Educated citizens, the alumni of our institutions, have the burden of setting the sights for our nation.

This task requires a special concentration of energy aimed to fostering liberty, creating educational opportunity, and justifying democracy to a world chewing and nibbling at the tartness of conflicting ideologies.

It is well known that of the world's population of two and one half billion people, over one-third are under some type of communistic control. The democratic supporters of a liberal nature are outnumbered, twenty to one. The odds are against us in numbers.

The future security of our country is at stake. Because of this fact, leaders of our society must

learn of our thinking; they must crystallize our thoughts and disseminate them for world consumption.

Our strength lies not in numbers, but in productivity, technology, ideas, and in our youth. Where else but in the university can all of these factors of strength be found so closely coordinated? If we are to survive the world conflict, we must utilize our resources to the utmost.

## GREETINGS

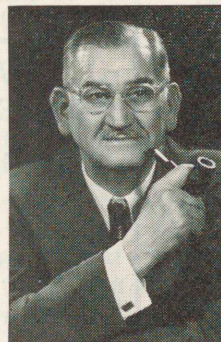
In a few more days we will all be together again for our special class reunions and the annual Alumni banquet.

As president of the Alumni Association and as a fellow alumnus, I wish to extend a personal invitation to each of you to make the Southern Campus your headquarters on June 9 and 10.

A very special program, including the showing of movies, a variety show, and original music selections by university students, has been prepared for the banquet.

Alum Carl McIntire, television announcer of station KSD in St. Louis, will also be here as special guest announcer.

I will see you in Carbondale on June 9.



W. W. Vandevier

The alumni can assist in this tremendous undertaking. First they must support higher education by participation in alumni affairs. They must support, — by talking, writing, and thinking — the educational programs of our country. They must encourage stronger educational policies. They must make it a personal responsibility to encourage university attendance among the talented youth. They must make their beliefs known to legislators. They must discourage bickering and personality conflicts. Payment of alumni dues and active participation in the alumni association will aid in furthering the purposes mentioned.

If you, as an alumnus of Southern Illinois University, can nurture progress here at Southern, you will be doing your part in building a program which will help knit an enduring pattern for our besieged society.



# In Session With The Legislature

## A Report on the Separate Board and the Budget

News from Springfield indicates that Southern may be able to continue its over-all program at the present level. However, there is no hope for maintaining the present rate of advancement through the 1951-53 biennium.

As the Southern Alumnus goes to press, probably the most gratifying news is that a bill providing for a permanent SIU Board of Trustees has been passed by both houses and is awaiting the signature of Gov. Adlai Stevenson.

Two bills introduced May 2 already have been approved by the House Committee on Appropriations. The first calls for appropriations of \$6,360,000 from general revenue and \$1,352,400 from the SIU income fund.

The second bill would supplement the first. It calls for \$575,000 of which \$520,000 is for personal services. Without this amount there could be no pay increases for the SIU staff.

Early in the present session, bills were introduced providing for reallocation of funds—chiefly for buildings. With enactment of these bills, plus funds to be provided for the 1951-53 biennium, a total of more than \$5,900,000 will be made available for completion of the University School (formerly called the Training School), completion of the Service Shop Building, construction of a Life Science Building, and to finance in part construction of a 424-bed dormitory, a project which will be largely self-liquidating.

Another measure, the "Vouchering bill," has been passed by the Senate. Allowing the Board more freedom in financial mat-

ters, it provides that vouchers be submitted directly to the Auditor of Public Accounts instead of first being sent to the Department of Finance. Through this bill the board is seeking the same fiscal independence now enjoyed by the University of Illinois.

Another bill would allow Southern to maintain a working capital fund of \$50,000.

SIU also is supporting a move to revamp the State Civil Service system by transferring control of Civil Service employees in college and universities from the state system to a college and university system similar to that already in effect at the University of Illinois.

### SEPARATE BOARD FACES OPPOSITION

Southern's permanent Board of Trustees, as provided for in a bill now awaiting the signature of the Governor, may be short-lived if legislation introduced in the Senate May 17 is adopted.

The new measure would place the two state universities and the four tax-supported state colleges under a unified, nine-member board.

Plans for such a board are similar to those in one of the alternate proposals of the Russell report on higher education in Illinois, a report which was made public early this year.

Such a board would replace the present boards of the University of Illinois, the teachers colleges, and Southern. The new board would be activated July 1, 1952.

### Ground Cleared For New Women's Dorm

Three former residences have been torn down or moved, and a fourth is in the process of being torn down to make room for the new dormitory for women.

Actual construction will begin this month, and the building is expected to be ready for occupancy by September 1952.

The dormitory is to be built on simple functional lines in a U-shape around an open court.

University officials feel that the new residence hall, which will house 424 girls, will do much to improve living conditions and to help Southern's housing compare more favorably with living quarters on other university campuses.

Less than four per cent of Southern's students were housed in University owned dormitories in the fall of 1950 while other colleges and universities were able to house between 40 and 50 per cent of their students, according to a national survey by the National Association of Deans of Women.

"Much of the best education to be gained from college does not take place in the classroom, and if the University is to provide its students an opportunity to participate in democratic group government, and to encourage both group and individual social development, conditions must be provided for learning some of the valuable lessons which are not taught in the classrooms or laboratories," says University President D. W. Morris.



# Commencement Is Only The Beginning

*A student goes through four years of college and then he realizes that the knowledge he has gleaned from books and classrooms is only a collection of facts and thoughts which he must now learn to apply to his own life.*

By Marshall Leroy Smith, '51

Funny how things come to an end just when you're beginning to understand what the score is.

As freshmen most of us were pretty green and breathless. It was all new, being in college, and there were so many things to learn. We weren't accustomed to having our teachers address us as Miss or Mister, but then we weren't accustomed to a lot of things. Even the teachers were not known as "Professors" or "Instructors."

Most of us had thought we were pretty smart cookies in high school, and some of us found it quite disillusioning to realize that we were really going to have to dig. A lot of us dropped out that first year, and others found ourselves on probation until we learned to control our new found freedom of studying without being forced to do so.

## A Major Change

We griped about the requirements that would never do us any good, but some of us changed our majors and our life work as a result of the requirements.

Gradually our habits changed, and we found ourselves staying in town over the weekend to be with the gang or to study for an examination, or to take that special girl to an all-school dance.

It seemed that four years would never pass. We wanted a little spending money in our pockets, and we wanted to drive a car of our own. We were eager to get out and show the world

## CLASS REUNION CHEDULE SATURDAY, JUNE 9

Classes of 1876, 1881, 1886, 1891, 1896, 1901, and 1916 will meet in the recreation room of the Women's Gymnasium from 2 to 5 p. m.

1906—Open house at the home of Mrs. Mabel Boyer Taylor, 801 Buena Vista, from 2 to 5 p. m.

1911—Will meet at the home of Mrs. Alice Parkinson Feirich, 401 W. Walnut, from 2:30 to 5 p. m.

1921—Will get together at the home of Mrs. Madge Troutt Sanders, 1013 N. Oakland, from 2:30 to 4:30 p. m.

1926—Open house at the home of Willard Marion Gersbacher, 508 W. Pecan, from 3 to 5 p. m.

1931—Will meet at the home of Orville Alexander, 610 W. Main, from 4:30 to 6 p. m.

1936—Open house at the home of Mrs. Raymond Stotlar (Helen Thompson), 507 W. Main, from 3 to 5 p. m.

1941 and 1946—Will meet in the new addition of University Drug Store, 901 S. Illinois, from 2 to 4 p. m.

what we could do.

Suddenly it was here—COMMENCEMENT, June, 1951.

On June 10, approximately 400 of us will sit on the stage in McAndrew Stadium and listen to Robert Maynard Hutchins

deliver a commencement address. We know that Dr. Hutchins, now associate director of the Ford Foundation, served for 21 years as president of the University of Chicago. While there he became one of the most controversial figures in American education because of the advanced methods which he instituted.

Preceding commencement, however, a series of events kept us busy, beginning with the senior banquet in the University Cafeteria. Other events included a tea for the senior women on June 6, a reception at the President's home for ourselves and our parents, June 7, a senior picnic on June 8, and the alumni banquet on June 9.

## At Last!

During graduation ceremonies at 7 p. m. on June 10 in McAndrew stadium 201 of us will be granted degrees of Bachelor in Education. Two of us will become Bachelors of Music in Education. Another 63 will receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and 61 will be granted Bachelor of Science degrees.

On the higher level 45 candidates will be granted degrees of Master of Science in Education. Four will receive the degree, Master of Science, and 14 will be granted the degree, Master of Arts.

Although we will never forget or regret our college career, we are eager for the next phase—whatever it may bring—for commencement is only the beginning.



# ROTC DEFERMENT



UNIVERSITY OR COLLEGE  
HAVING AFROTC COURSE  
(187 OF THEM)



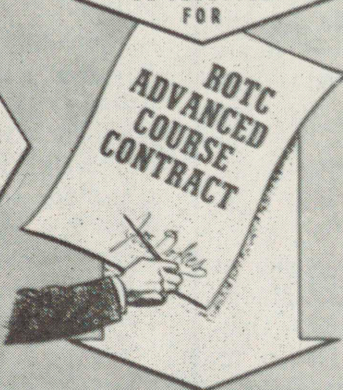
**B** **FRESHMAN** Sometime during the school year you may be permitted by your Professor of Air Science and Tactics to sign a deferment agreement

IF YOU SIGN  
YOU OBLIGATE

**A** **SOPHOMORE** yourself to accept a commission if tendered and to serve for two years on full time duty in the Air Force

YOU MAY THEN  
BE SELECTED  
FOR

NUMBER OF  
ADVANCED COURSE  
CONTRACTS IS SUBJECT  
TO AND DETERMINED BY  
NEEDS OF THE AIR  
FORCE AND BY  
APPROPRIATIONS



**ADVANCED** **JUNIOR** Your deferment continues—As a junior you will enroll in one of eight career options, depending upon which

**SENIOR** options your school offers, your academic background, and the needs of the Air Force.

UPON COMPLETION  
INCLUDING 6 WEEKS  
SUMMER CAMP

**2nd LIEUTENANT** You are appointed as a 2nd Lieutenant in the United States Air Force Reserve  
At the discretion of the Secretary of the Air Force you may

CONTINUE WITH ADVANCED STUDY IF SKILL IS ONE OF PRIMARY INTEREST TO THE AIR FORCE

BE ORDERED TO ACTIVE DUTY FOR TWO YEARS UNDER YOUR DEFERMENT AGREEMENT



Military power and the modern world, command and leadership exercises, and global geography, will become a part of freshmen student's life at Southern this fall.

The Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps program will be offered to all physically fit males who wish to participate, and it is hoped the enrollment quota will be large enough to include all entering freshmen men at SIU. This enrollment quota, not yet announced by the Air Forces, will be governed by the number of officers and airmen assigned to this unit.

In simplified form, the deferment program means that the voluntary ROTC student who stands high in his class academically and meets certain requirements is virtually assured deferment from military service until completion of his college education.

Sometime toward the end of the freshmen year, he may be selected for deferment and be permitted to sign a deferment agreement. Recommendations for these agreements are made by a board composed of academic and military instructors.

The board considers a number of factors, the most important of which are (1) scholastic standing and (2) the student's potential for leadership.

## Permits for Draft Defermen

Upon selection by the board, the Professor of Air Science and Tactics (PAS&T) permits the student to execute the deferment agreement. This is the beginning of a process which will continue throughout the student's University training.

When the student signs the agreement, the PAS&T sends a request for deferment to the local draft board concerned. The student obligates himself in the agreement to accept a Reserve or Regular commission if and when it is offered. He also agrees to serve on active duty



for not less than 2 years when called by the Secretary of the Air Force. In return, he is deferred from induction as long as he remains in good standing in his academic and military courses.

At the end of the sophomore year of ROTC, there is a selection process for admission to the advanced course. The student must voluntarily apply for admission and must be selected jointly by the head of the institution and the Professor of Air Science and Tactics.

Those selected for the Advanced Course sign an agreement to continue in the ROTC during the remainder of their undergraduate courses, and to attend summer camp when ordered to do so. In return, they become entitled to receive a monetary allowance (at the current rate—90 cents per day) except while attending the summer camp of six weeks duration at which time they are paid \$75 per month.

Summer camp is normally attended between the junior and senior years. While at camp, the student is furnished subsistence, housing, medical care, and the necessary uniforms in addition to the \$75 per month.

#### **Specialization in Third Year**

In the advanced course, comprising the third and fourth years of academic study, the student specializes in one of the Air Force career fields, and pursues other military subject matter which is essential to the background of an Air Force officer.

The four careers in which he may specialize at Southern are (1) Armament, (2) General Technical, (3) Administration and Logistics, and (4) Flight Operations.

The program will be headed by a Professor of Air Science and Tactics who will probably be a Lieutenant Colonel in the Air Force. Other officers will in-

## **Summer Session**

**To include outdoor recreation programs at Giant City and Little Grassy Lake, a circus and a tour to Canada.**

In addition to a broadly expanded program of curricular offerings, Southern's '51 summer session will include a wide variety of special features.

A recreation program, sponsored by the physical education department, will include swimming parties, square dances, and playnights. Other recreation will include a convocation and lecture series, and movies under the stars.

The annual Shrine Circus will be held June 12, and an educational materials exhibit is scheduled for July 12-13.

Another feature of the '51 summer session will be a 12-week program, held concurrently with the 8-week program and lasting from June 11 to August 30. It is designed to aid high school graduates initiate their college training in small classes and under ideal conditions.

An outdoor education program will include an executive officer and several assistant professors with rank of Captain or 1st Lieutenant, plus a group of airmen.

Uniforms will be worn only during drill periods of which there will be one each week. The students will continue to take physical education as a part of their regular curriculum.

Two class meetings will be held each week in basic two year course. The curriculum is designed to provide the student with a thorough understanding of the armed forces of the United States. It will develop by precepts and example the attributes of character, personality, leadership, and discipline, all of which are indispensable to every officer of the Air Force.

gram at Giant City Park will be conducted from June 11 to August 3, and will be open for all university students to earn 12 hours of credit in a variety of subjects.

#### **Camp at Little Grassy Lake**

Between 400 and 500 high school students are expected to attend an outdoor program at Little Grassy Lake where a series of one-week camps will be held from June 11 to August 3. Purpose of these camps is to provide high school students with outdoor education experience while at the same time training university students in camping, camp counseling, administration, and conversation education.

Other new courses will include a series of workshop courses by the home economics department, both on the campus and at Giant City Park, and a new course in library science which is designed primarily for the instruction of high school librarians of the area.

#### **August Tour**

An August tour of northeastern United States and southeastern Canada, offering five hours of resident college credit, is open to all junior, senior, and graduate students who have had the beginning college geography course or its equivalent.

Summer bulletins for the regular 8-weeks session are now available at the office of the registrar. The bulletins list the schedule of classes to be held, descriptions of requirements for degrees, and other valuable information. Bulletins may be obtained by writing to the office of the registrar.



# ON THE CAMPUS

## Student Center Moved to Barracks

A new temporary Student Union center has recently been opened in a converted barracks building just east of 313 W. Harwood Avenue. It replaces the center formerly located at 910 S. University Avenue which has been razed to make way for the construction of a women's dormitory designed to accommodate 424 girls.

Functions of the new Student Union Center are to provide offices for student organizations, meeting room with adjoining kitchen to be used for teas, card room, large lounge, classical music room, rest rooms, and storage space. An adjoining barracks will be used for personnel offices.

Under the general supervision of Miss Leah Farr, acting dean of women, and Robert Etheridge, assistant dean of men, the Student Union Center will provide opportunities for many types of games, a comfortable place to read and listen to records, dance, and talk with friends.

## Coroners Study At Southern

A 10-weeks course designed to instruct coroners, sheriffs, city police, and members of the legal and medical profession in the techniques of investigation, preservation of evidence, and questioning of witnesses is being conducted by Southern's Vocational-Technical Institute in cooperation with the F. B. I. and State Police. A metropolitan coroner has been invited to give a lecture-demonstration on the conducting of an inquest.



"Mister. Throw Me Something" was among paintings and sketches by Leonard Flettrich, New Orleans artist, shown in an exhibition in the art gallery of Old Main. The realism of Flettrich's work has been described as a "welcome relief" from abstractions.

## Helen Shuman Memorial Fund Set Up

In memory of Helen Shuman and her work at Southern, faculty members are contributing to a memorial fund which may be used for scholarships.

Helen Shuman was Southern's first Dean of Women. She originated the ideas for a campus hospitality week-end and a career day. She sponsored the Pan-Hellenic Council, and established an SIU Wives Club during the war.

The exact use of the memorial fund will be determined by a committee.

## Students Honored For High Scholarship

"Take stock of what you are building . . . as you think, and say, and do, so will America," Dr. Georgia Winn, associate professor of English told honor students at the Honors Day assembly May 17.

Honors Day is sponsored jointly by the Student Council and the Faculty Honors Committee. It is on this day that all freshmen and sophomores with overall average of 4.5 or above (with 5. equal to an "A") and juniors and seniors with average of 4.25 or above are honored, and senior honor students receive special pins.

This year a total of 22 freshmen and 16 sophomores had averages of 4.5 or above. Ten juniors and 29 seniors had averages of 2.25 or better, and 15 juniors and 16 seniors had averages of above 4.5. One junior, William Henry Paris of Rosiclare, had a perfect 5. average. Three seniors, Darwin Darrell Davis of Salem, Charles Edward Dickerman of Carbondale, and Imogene Beckemeyer of Carlyle had averages of 4.75 or above.

### Special Awards

Students and organizations receiving special awards were:

Patricia Crader and Ted Beardsley, Jr., both of East St. Louis, The American Association of Teachers of Spanish award; Mastaba, organized girls house, the Independent Student Union Scholarship Plaque; Ann Van Lente of Carbondale, The Betty Rhodes Memorial Prize; Emma Lou Sellers, Cobden, The Janice Neckers Memorial Prize; Darwin

Continued on page 15





## Spring Sports In Review-

As the new SIU ALUMNUS makes its debut, 1951 spring sports are slowly fading from the limelight. In the matter of a few days, the spring term will have ended, and with it, baseball, track, tennis, and golf.

### Baseball

The 1951 baseball team was perhaps the best that Southern has fielded since the sport was inaugurated some four years ago. Going into the final month of the season, the diamond crew had won 13 games out of 19.

The pitching staff, more or less mediocre in recent years, was a strong point this year. Darrell Thompson, Reid Martin, and Wayne Grandcolas, with assistance from Tom Millikin and Larry Burns made up one of the finest mound staffs in the IIAC.

Thompson and Martin will be going into service this summer, and hopes of a return performance next season appear rather dismal at this time.

Art Menendez, Chuck Valier, Joe Jones, and Eddie Coleman—the alert combination which comprised the infield, could be



Jim Kahmann

In addition to his varied activities as a member of Kappa Delta Alpha social fraternity and sports writer for the SOUTHERN ALUMNUS, Jim has served as sports writer and editor for the EGYPTIAN and the OBELISK, and has been active on many school committees.

Sports Editor Jim Kahmann, junior from Edwardsville, is leaving this month for duty in the Air Corps where he will be attached to the public information staff at Scott Air Force base.

termed, "one of the best." Jones, captain of the squad, led the team in hitting throughout the season with a batting average well over .400. Jim Schmulbach, Don Campbell, and Bob Ems, all big men with the bat, made up the outfield. Campbell, one of the most natural ball-players to hit the diamond here, is a junior, but he reports to the Air Corps this month.

Whatever kind of baseball team Abe Martin fields in the future, we know he will always remember his team of '51, and with a smile, "Those boys could go."

### Track

Captain Phil Coleman, human dynamo of the track squad, set new records in the mile and two-mile, both school and conference. The hard-training, conscientious, Carbondale lad, with his sights set for long-distance prominence, came up with a number of sensational races this spring. Coleman set a one-mile record with a 4:23.4 tour of the four laps. His two mile record at the moment stands at 9:44.3.

Without a doubt, Phil Coleman will go down in track history as the greatest distance runner in Southern's track history.

Other standouts on the '51 track squad included Joe McLafferty, who still holds the 880 record at Southern; and Jim Alexander, the broadjump record-smasher with a leap of 23' 7½".

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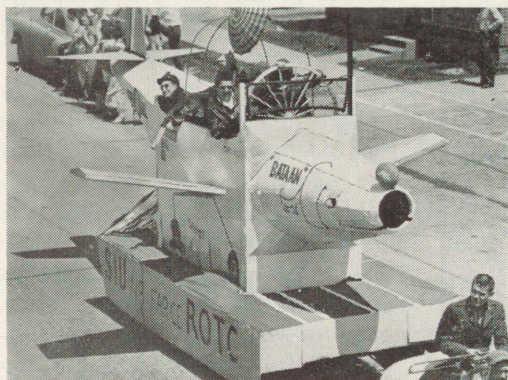


# SPRING FESTIVAL

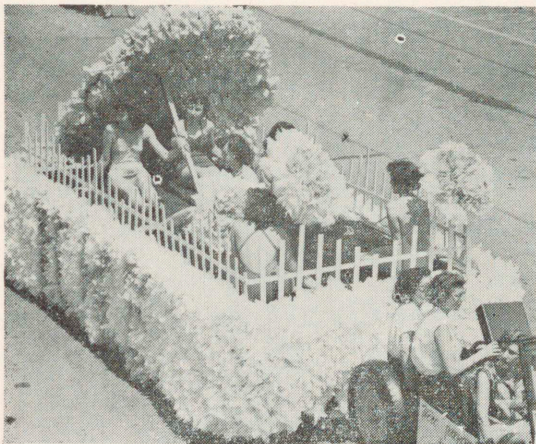
Woody Herman and his orchestra furnished the music for the Spring Festival dance at which Marge Risley, junior from Dahlgren, was crowned "Miss Southern."

Spring Festival is one of the major highlights of the school year with the gayety and excitement of the Carnival and the Midway, the Vaudeville Show, the Parade through downtown Carbondale with the colored floats and the bunting, the big moments of flowers and formals at the dance, and the speculation concerning what girl will be chosen as Miss Southern.

To the left are the Chi Delta Chi and the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity floats which appeared in the parade.







Starting in upper left and reading clockwise the pictures are Pi Kappa Sigma sorority float, Delta Sigma Epsilon float, Tower Hall Stunt, Charlie Chaplin as he appeared in Festival Vodville show, Bill Plater, chalk talk artist and M. C. for the show, Southern's new emblem is unveiled, Commanding officer of Scott Air Force Base receives flag which was flown to Alaska.





# The Isle Of Painted Rabbits

**Crab Orchard Lake Isle is Refuge for Mouse and Rabbit Population Studied by SIU Zoology Department.**

**T**HERE'S a hideaway island in Crab Orchard Lake where the soberest of humans could have a nightmarish "Lost Weekend." The principal island inhabitants are mice and painted rabbits.

The rabbits, cowardly creatures by nature, have yellow stripes down their backs. Some are painted red, green or blue, like Indians on the warpath. And there are mice all over the place. No dogs, no people—just rabbits and mice.

It's hardly the ideal spot for a picnic. Yet there are far-reaching lessons to be gleaned from watching these little creatures and every once in a while a number of men armed with notebooks and pencils take a boat or wade out to the island to do just that.

Dr. Willard Klimstra, assistant professor of zoology, carved out the island empire for the cottontails and mice. With the help of some students, he is making observations on the rise and fall of the isolated mouse and rabbit popu-



Hankla clips an identification band on a tiny mouse inhabitant of the island. In the lower right corner is a trap used to catch the rodents for observation purposes.



Donald Hankla, graduate student in zoology, wades out to the Island of Painted Rabbits. Hankla and other research assistants, make periodic trips to the island to study variations in its rabbit and mouse population.

lation.

Even on their primitive island paradise, the mice are suckers for cheese and allow themselves to be caught twice a year for a tiny sliver of Liederkranz. The mice are trapped in the spring so the scientists can learn how severely the winter has depleted their ranks. In the fall, the breeding population is catalogued.

Every few months, the rabbits are doused with peroxide and analine dye or smeared with airplane paint so the investigators can keep score more easily. Breeding tendencies of rabbits be-



Dr. Willard Klimstra, chairman of the SIU zoology department, applies a dye to the fur of a rabbit, assisted by Hankla. The rabbits are painted various colors in order that each particular one may be identified when retrapped.





Here, Hankla points to the nest of a mother goose who invaded the island and decided it would be a safe place to raise her young. The island is strictly off limits to hunters.

ing what they are, it obviously wouldn't be very practical to give each bunny a name.

They are also studying the rate of production, sizes of litters and the cottontails' chances of survival. The rabbits have to struggle through adverse winter conditions and dodge hunters' bullets, but they get one break. The island doesn't have a single red fox, chief predator of rabbit populations.

The mice are much luckier. There aren't any cats or screaming women around.

The island has been loaned by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service for the population studies and the University supervises the hunting of the cottontails in season. Dr. Klimstra and his students want to find out how severe the harvest can be before the rabbit population is too weakened to come back in force the following spring.

## One More Than The Law Allows

- - - And The Museum Gets A Head

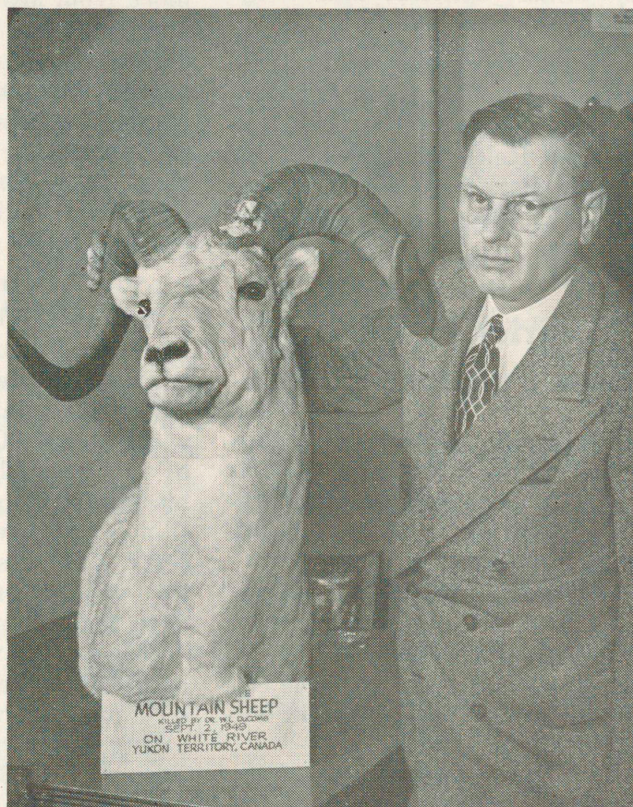
During one of his recent expeditions in the Yukon territory Dr. W. L. DuComb of Carlyle bagged two mountain sheep, one more than the game laws allow.

In this case it was legal, however, for President D. W. Morris had obtained a special permit allowing procurement of a specimen for the University museum.

The mountain sheep is a stately animal with thick white fur, and massive curled horns. They have extremely good eyesight and a fine sense of smell, and they occupy the highest mountain crags. Before stalking, which may take all day and several miles of walking, the doctor always lines up the head through a high-powered telescope to see if the animal will make a suitable trophy. He often passes up as many as 25 sheep before he sights one worth going after.

Although mountain sheep are Dr. DuComb's hunting specialty, he also has mounted heads of caribou, wild boars, elk, moose, deer, antelope, a mountain lion, and three grizzly bears.

Dr. DuComb has found that many of the common beliefs about hunting and living in the North woods are not true. He says wild animals rarely attack a person unless provoked. Even the grizzly bear will by-pass an occupied camp without stopping in. A guide who had killed more than 800 mountain lions told DuComb he had never



Dr. W. L. DuComb of Carlyle is shown with a mounted head of a mountain sheep which he procured for the University museum on a big game hunt. Note the chipped horn where the first bullet struck.

Continued on page 30



## Honorary Home Ec Chapter Installed

Alpha Kappa chapter of Kappa Omicron Phi, national home economics honorary, was installed at Southern in May, with 14 students and seven faculty members as charter members.

To qualify for membership, a co-ed must have an all-college scholastic record of "B" or better and must have shown "high professional characteristics."

Students who were initiated are Esther Bresnan and Mildred Hart, Murphysboro; Eleanor Cable, Geff; Doris Mathews and Violet Moore, Harrisburg; Eula Mae Webb, Tamaroa; LaVerna J. Cornelious, Pulaski; Betty L. McKemie, Benton; Doris Huff, Dongola; Marjorie Fugate, Rinear; Betty Von Tungeln, Golconda; Agnes Ridley, Anna; Pat-sy Miller, Enfield; and Freda Thompson, Sesser.

Home economics staff initiates were: Miss Clea Scholtes, faculty sponsor, Caroline Van Mason, Helen R. Stark, Mary Louise Barnes, Anne Buis, Lillian Knudson, and Marjorie Savage.

## Maverick to Edit New Publication

Dr. Lewis A. Maverick, chairman of the economics department, is editing a new bi-monthly publication for Southern Illinois businessmen.

"Business News Letter for Southern Illinois" as the new publication has been named, is being produced through the collaboration of the College of Vocations and Professions.

The newsletter carries current information on sales, statistics, production, credit and various comprehensive reports, particularly on business trends in the area.

## Spring Sports

Continued from page 9

### Tennis

The most promising newcomers in the history of tennis at SIU made up the 1951 team. Stan Cooper, the placer, and Omar Winter, the driver, two fast and furious netsters from Carmi, were playing the No. 1 and 2 spots most of the time. Co-captains Jack Norman and Bob Barnhart also did well in the racket sport.

With Cooper, Winter, Norman and another newcomer from Carmi, Solliday, all back for next season, our tennis team should be a capable one. Bob Wichmann, basketball and tennis letterman, will be a big help in the formation of a strong '52 crew.

### Golf

Although Jim Wilson, a sophomore from Mt. Vernon, was the only returning letterman on the golf team this season, the men of the fareways gave a good account of themselves against all opposition. At this writing, they have romped over Cape Girardeau twice and highly-touted Illinois Normal once.

### Future Outlook

But, as the hopes for greater teams in '52 build up, there will be many athletes who will no longer take part in sports here at Southern. Captain Joe Jones of the baseball team will take his place among the coaches of Illinois. Likewise, Joe McLafferty, a track star of great ability, will be graduating in the days that follow.

Other men who have helped build SIU athletics into a strong structure and who will be graduating are Larry Taliana of Mt. Vernon, Bob Barnhart of Granite City, and Harry Clark of Carbondale.

Several others will be entering the service, men who may not return to Southern. To

## Campus Beautification Draws Many Visitors

Garden clubs from throughout the state as well as representatives from the Missouri Botanical Garden (Shaw's Garden) of St. Louis are periodic campus visitors to view the work of a campus beautification program which started at Southern in 1938 with only \$8.60 worth of flower seeds.

The program has grown to include the most outstanding collection of hollies in the United States, and the planting of more than 400 species of exotic flowers, and one of the largest collections of magnolia species in the country. It has effected the importation of plants from such countries as Belgium, England, China, and Japan. Many of the plants were acquired through exchange with other schools or through gifts.

Recently planted were three Deep Purple Magnolia trees imported from Belgium and received through permission of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Several of the rare plants on the campus were obtained by William M. Marberry, assistant professor of botany and director of the beautification program, during his travels while in the Armed Forces. The Chinese Azalea, and a Japanese Scholar tree were started with seeds which Professor Marberry obtained while stationed in the Hunan province of China.

The program has reaped a dual harvest in that flowers are furnished at no cost for campus events and to organizations, whereas the retail cost of such decorations would be prohibitive.

these men we pay tribute, and extend our gratitude for a debt—a debt that cannot be paid with the sheepskin they may someday receive.



# Education and the Birth Rate

By JEAN DILLMAN '53

Wanted—more babies! The children of college graduates, benefitting from their parents' training and intelligence, are vitally needed for our country's future, according to recent population surveys. Failure of replacement among college graduates has lost to the nation the good hereditary potentialities of some 19,500 college graduates (out of 80,000) of the class of 1924.

Studies of 150,000 graduates, including those of SIU, show that their families are too small to replace them. Two children per graduate are needed for mere replacement of their outstanding mental qualities; and three children in each family are a minimum to compensate for the unmarried and the infertile. Traditionally, however, smaller families seem to go with the college degree.

"The beautiful girl graduates of Vassar have on an average 1.7 children each, while the graduates of Harvard, according to the same statistician, have on an average 1.3 children each. This proves nothing which any fool has not known for centuries, namely, that women have more children than men—even Harvard men." (William Allen White.)

Another statistician showed that Princeton men have more children than Smith women, which seems a little bit improbable, if not impossible.

Damage to the nation's hereditary resources is contributed, in part, to the GI Bill of Rights. More and more susceptible young men and women are being brought under the dangerous influence of the colleges and universities where they will be indoctrinated against producing

enough children. However, statistics show hope in this matter because, fortunately, not all those with potential ability go to college.

Southern's male graduates topped the national average of 1.29 children per male graduate with 1.41 each in 1940. Women graduates of Southern averaged .66 children each as compared to the national average of 1.09 children per women graduate in 1940. This survey covered the first ten years after graduation.

Statisticians believe that this erosion of the country's best hereditary qualities must be lessened. With so few of the college groups replacing them, the outlook for future generations is depressing.

Do you have the two children per graduate needed to compensate the "failure of replacement"? Are you propagating the race? If not, don't lose any sleep over it.

## Winners of Greek Awards Announced

Sigma Sigma Sigma sorority won first in the women's division of the Sing which opened the annual observance of Greek Week, and first place in the men's division went to Chi Delta Chi fraternity.

The Tri Sig candidate for Most Valuable Sorority Girl Award, Jan Mayer of St. Louis, Mo., won top honors along with Lou Diamond of Madison, Kappa Delta Alpha, who was named Most Valuable Fraternity Man.

Winner of the men's field events was Sigma Beta Mu. Delta Sigma Epsilon won the bridge and canasta tournaments and the Tekes won at pinochle.

## Students Honored For High Scholarship

Continued from page 2

Davis of Salem, The Phi Beta Kappa Prize.

Joyce Taborn of Carrier Mills, American Association of University Women Graduate Scholarship; Sigma Sigma Sigma, Pan Hellenic Scholarship Plaque; Kappa Delta Alpha, Inter-Fraternity Scholarship Plaque; Richard Vogler of Carbondale, Mallarme Prize in French Studies; Anna Lou Kloepper of Cora, Parent Teacher Association Scholarship; Orlando Correa of Bogotta, Columbia, Rotary Fourth Object Scholarship; Rita Marie Presley of Salem, Charles Neely Prize.

Nicole Versinger of Marseille, France, Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs Scholarship; Doris Schwinn of Du Quoin, and Perry Proctor of Springfield, the Thelma Louise Kellogg Scholarship; Shifra Ginzberg, Tel-Aviv, Israel, B'nai B'rith Scholarship; LaDonna Rhymer of Rosebud, Knights Templar Education Fund; Anne Weston of Madison, Illinois Association of Colored Women's Scholarship; Wyona Smith of Steelville, and Lotella Wesley of Eldorado, June Vick Memorial Scholarship.

## Technical Institute Offers Mining Course

Beginning June 4 the Vocational Technical Institute will offer evening classes in coal mining at Southern Acres in the personnel building of the former Illinois Ordnance plant.

According to Ernest J. Simon, director of the institute, the courses are designed for persons who wish to prepare for examinations for positions as mine manager, mine examiner, or hoisting engineer.



# A SEPARATE PERSON

By HENRY LOVEJOY WILSON

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

THE loudspeaker at the end of the aisle cleared its throat and made a hoarse sound, like someone saying "ah-h-h" to himself. Then it clicked off.

Cline opened his eyes and looked out over the iron pipe that edged his shelf. Across the aisle someone's feet were visible beyond the horizon of another pipe, the toes pointing upward at a strip of canvas that sagged with the weight of an invisible body. Everything else was shadow, but a light glowed somewhere beyond.

Cline's jacket, rolled up under his head for a pillow, was wet to his face. The air about him was as moist and hot as somebody else's bedclothes. The room itself appeared to stir, sigh, and subside like a man sleeping restlessly on a hot night. There was a shudder everywhere, half sound, half motion, so nearly inaudible that Cline noticed it only at quiet times like this; yet he felt that he would need to talk loud to be heard above it; he had been talking loud ever since the ship dropped down the river from Calcutta with its load of men bound for "temporary duty" in the States.

The loudspeaker clicked and breathed again. Suddenly it broke into brassy sound, a blaring, officious trumpeting-forth of the reveille. Cline put his feet over the rail, reached across the narrow aisle to the rails on the other side, and pulled himself up; he had been sleeping on the lowest shelf of four. Standing, he could look down on the third shelf across the aisle, where Eaton lay, his eyes half open, his face pale enough but calm.

"Let's get out of here," Cline said.

Eaton's eyes focused on him as if with an effort, and he did not reply at once.

"No hurry," he said finally. "We've got a long time yet."

"Sure, but it's hot down here. And maybe we'll see some land today."

Eaton said nothing more. A muscle at the corner of his eye began twitching.

Somebody in the fourth shelf of the next tier sat up, his head bowed to clear the ceiling; he peered about and yawned. Somebody backed out from between two shelves, putting down first

(Reprinted by permission from EPOCH, quarterly of contemporary literature published by Epoch Associates, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.)

*Based on the author's actual experiences on a troop ship returning to the United States from India during World War II, the Story was listed as one of the most distinctive of 1950 in Martha Foley's 1950 edition of "The Best American Short Stories."*

one leg and then another.

Cline dressed quickly. With cap on but jacket off, he moved toward the cross aisle, squeezing past another man who teetered on one foot while pulling a shoe onto the other.

The cross aisle was full of shadow and shadowy forms, dressing, walking, sliding, jolting past each other. Cline worked his way toward the one bulb shining in the ceiling near the exit, illuminating clearly just one of the last tier of shelves, where, as in a glass case, sprawled the body of a G. I., naked as putty, except for a cap pulled down over his eyes.

When Cline came out on the main deck, few soldiers were about. The deck was still wet and greasy from its washing down, and the sailors were dragging the hose to its place forward. It wouldn't do to try sitting on the hatch till it dried off. Cline went over to it, though, and leaned against the edge to reserve a place. Now, having cooled off a little, he put on his fatigue jacket, without buttoning it, and lit a cigarette.

Tiny had just appeared from below. He came toward Cline, ducking his head, as always, as though going through a low doorway.

"Let's take a load off our feet," Tiny suggested.

"The hatch is still wet," Cline said, feeling of the canvas that covered it.

"That's all right, maybe that much of me will keep cool."

Tiny hoisted himself up on the hatch and sat there dangling his legs.

"I'll stand awhile," Cline said. Ever since I grew up I've been partial to dry pants."

The loudspeaker on the bridge coughed gently.

"Now hear this. All troops on the port side of the second deck and all crew members not on duty clear the second deck and make way for the chow line."

"As usual," said Tiny, "we'll be the last."

"Sure. I only hope they don't run out of coffee again."

"Better hope they don't run out of food," Tiny corrected him.

Cline tried the hatch cover again, found it almost dry, and hoisted himself onto it.

The deck was beginning to fill up with men. Soon this side of the hatch was completely fringed with legs.

"Now hear this," cried the loudspeaker. "All troops in compartment One Able form a chow line on the port side of the second deck."

A number of men leaped down from the hatch and scurried aft; standees took their places.

Cline glanced idly up at the bridge, whence the metallic voice had come. The ship's Olympus rose cliff-like above this same hatch. Now he could see the head of a white-capped god, mostly chin and nose, peering out over its rail. The head withdrew and re-appeared with extension tubes clamped to its eyes. These it turned slowly from right to left and back again from left to right. A blue cuff showed for a moment, with index hand attached and pointing vaguely; then hand and head vanished.

"Now hear this," the loudspeaker intoned. "All troops in compartment Two Baker form a chow line on the port side of the second deck."

Eaton edged his way through the crowd and stood before them, looking tired. Without speaking he pulled cigarettes and matches from his pocket and tried to light up, cupping his hands against the wind. He lit four matches before the little clouds of smoke began driving past his ear. Before he had taken two good drags, some stranger shoved against him while trying to get through the crowd and in doing so broke Eaton's cigarette and knocked the fire off. Eaton's eyes blazed but he did not speak.

"Hell, man," said Tiny. "Say it, don't think it. It'll do you good."

The loudspeaker called for compartment Three Baker and then remained obstinately silent.

"Nine o'clock now," Tiny remarked. "It'll be ten before they get to us. I've got a half a notion to see if I can't get in with this bunch."

"Depends on who's checking tickets," Cline suggested. "Some of the K. P.'s don't care."

"They can't do worse than say no."

He eased himself down from the hatch, and Eaton took his place. Tiny lumbered aft and disappeared.



"He is so quiet, so unaffected, and at all times so completely natural that even many of his friends fail to appreciate his sterling qualities."

Some facetiously call him "the Star-Splitter," because of Frost's poem, you know, about the amateur astronomer who burned down his house and collected the insurance so he could buy a telescope. Dr. Wilson did not burn

down a house nor collect insurance; nor did he buy a telescope. He built one, a reflecting telescope with a six-inch mirror which he ground and polished himself. It gives a beautiful view of Saturn or Mars or Jupiter or the Moon.

A bachelor, a record collector, a recognized amateur photographer, and a sound chess player, Dr. Wilson teaches seventeenth century literature and Chaucer to Southern's students.

The voice on the bridge spoke.

"Now hear this. Troop sick call. Troop dispensary. Main deck aft."

A face approached which Cline had never seen before. A hand with little finger thrust out held an unlighted cigarette to the face's lips. Cline blew the ash from his own cigarette, touched his little finger to the stranger's, placed the cigarettes end to end. The face's lips puckered, its eyes almost closed, and its nostrils breathed smoke. With a slight nod, the face withdrew.

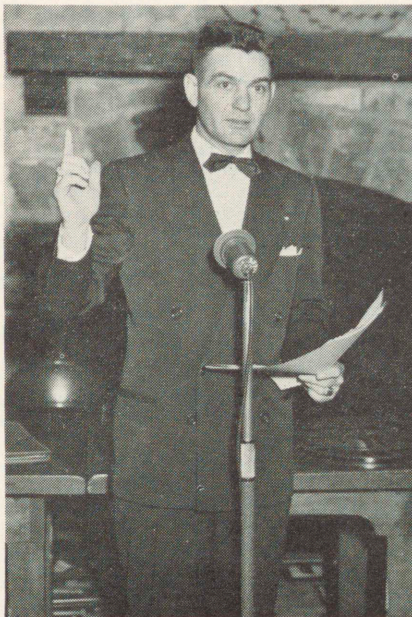
"Now hear this," cried the loudspeaker. "All troops in compartment Two Charlie form a chow line on the port side of the second deck."

At "Two Charlie," Cline slapped Eaton on the knee and set out along the deck. Quick as he was, everyone else seemed quicker, except Eaton, who had not joined the rush. The narrow passage behind the captain's bridge was choked to strangulation. In a moment, though, something was dislodged ahead and Cline followed other men along this dark throat. Emerging on the port side, he found himself near the end of a snaky line that stretched almost to the stern and, doubling back on itself thrust its head down a companionway well forward. The line crawled and stopped, crawled and stopped. Suddenly the head of it started to move forward at a brisk walk; men tumbled down the companionway and the line parted above; those left behind hurried to fill the gap. Their rapid movement crept slowly back until it reached the end of the line; then the men at the companionway were halted, and their motionlessness also crept all the way back to the end of the line.

By such inching, halting, walking, running and halting, Cline came to the turn aft and proceeded forward, arrived at the companionway and

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Upper left is Byron Connell, Mt. Vernon attorney who appeared as a voluntary witness before the Kefauver Committees in St. Louis, who spoke to the Jackson County Alumni Club concerning crime in Southern Illinois.

Upper right are officers of the Jackson County Alumni Club with University President, Delyte W. Morris. Left to right are Mrs. Joe F. Van Natta, secretary; Gene Paul Crawshaw, president; M. J. Bozarth, Murphysboro, vice-president; Wayman Presley, Makanda, chairman of the club promotional committee; and President Morris. Not shown is club treasurer, Mrs. William D. Rushing.

Lower left, Dr. Morris, center, is shown with the new and retiring officers of the Cook County Alumni Club. Left to right new officers are Russell F. Deason, vice-president; Miss Mary Dee Haynes, secretary; and Thomas A. Newton, president. Retiring officers are Leon G. Kirkpatrick, vice-



## Alumni Club News

Active members of the various Alumni Clubs throughout the nation are by and large in the field of education.

But in any given club might be found dry cleaners, druggists, weather forecasters, chemists, housewives, businessmen, all types of white collar workers and professional men, farmers, and skilled technicians.

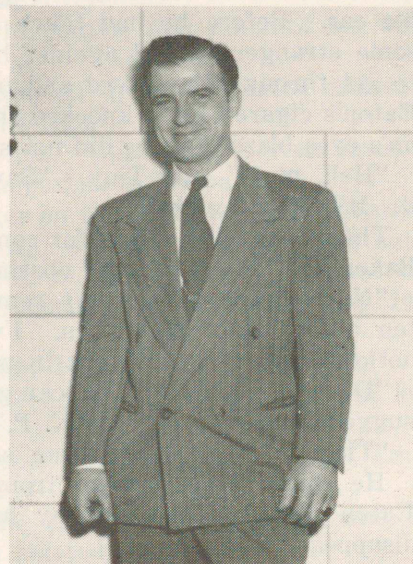
It is persons such as these, with a common background of life together at SIU, who form the back-bone of the Alumni Association.

president; Miss Emily McGuire, secretary; and Homer Fields, president.

Lower right is Ralph Norton, president of the Peoria Area Alumni Club.

Club meetings are highlighted by meeting old friends and keeping up with news of the University. Here alums may learn what they as individuals can do to assist the University in its program of academic progress, area service, and general enlightenment for the youth of the region.

Thus by aiding the University they add prestige to their own degrees as the University becomes an ever growing influence in the educational circles of the nation.





## A Man of the Town

*Betty Koontz Hunter, '45*

Behind the scenes of Mutual Broadcasting System, Inc. is a certain man of the town. Southern graduate of '40 Ben H. Baldwin, presently of Apt. 2018, Windsor Tower, 5 Tudor City Place, New York City, has been named Assistant Director of News at Mutual.

Working about 70 hours a week, Ben has been writing shows for sportscasters Al Helfer, Russ Hodges, Jack Brickhouse, and Mel Allen. On the sidelines, he has produced or otherwise been connected with shows voiced or written by John B. Kennedy, Gabriel Heatter, Fulton Lewis, Bill Henry, Bob Hurleigh, and "multi-others."

He was worked regularly with Hy Gardner, a Broadway columnist and humorist, and Danton Walker, the gossip columnist, syndicated by the NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, who does a regular show with Gardner entitled "Twin Views of the News."

Says Ben, "The bigger these men are, the humbler they are." He calls Mel Allen, John B. Kennedy, Russ Hodges "elder statesmen" in their own field, who are modest, unassuming, and just plain, swell guys."

Have you heard the "word" from Frank Singiser, the "Bab-O Reporter" over WJPF recently? Ben writes his show, which is heard also over more than 400 Mutual stations.

He comments on Singiser as being "one of the best of newscasters, a real professional — the highest praise you can give — and a one man lesson in journalism."

Last year, Ben traveled from one major league city to another with Mutual sportscasters Al Helfer and Art Gleeson as a producer-statistician for Mutual's baseball game of the day. The fruit of their efforts was an invitation for all three into United Airlines 100-Thousand Mile Club.

Just completing his "network debut" over the radio by interviewing over a Sunday news commentary by Everett Holles, a Lt. Bob Fallon, who had written a letter home from Korea which was recently reprinted in COLLIERS, Ben is an authority when he says, "Mike fright is a real thing. However, no one in radio can afford to have it."

A certain flexibility and presence of mind is needed at all times. For example, when there



Ben Baldwin, left, and Mutual Sports Director Paul Jones admire their 200-thousand mile plaques presented to them by United Airlines.

was a shortage of announcers at Mutual because a few were ill, Ben versatily took William Hillman with his news commentary on and off the air. Ben autobiographizes, "This makes me a combination Mickey Rooney and Donald Duck."

Thirty-two years old, single, an avid sports fan and playgoer, a spendthrift from 'way back, and a devoted midwesterner, though he left this part of the country of his own free will, Ben, while at Southern, was sports editor for the EGYPTIAN, class editor of the OBELISK, during senior year, and member of the Zetetic Literary Society when it went out of operation.

Voted the Interfraternity Council Award for being the most valuable fraternity man during the year of '39 and '40, he was a member of Chi Delta Chi, Kappa Phi Kappa, Mu Tau Pi, of which he served as its president during his third year in school, charter president of Sigma Tau Delta, and played in the band one year. To complete this scholastic personality of Ben H. Baldwin, he had a "brief flyer in dramatics when Southern put 'Good News' on back in 1937."

After working in East St. Louis for a year, he went to the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University, from which he was called into the United States Army Air Force.

After four years during which time he went to Officer Candidate School and spent eighteen

Continued on page 31



# Alumni News Notes

The letter or letters preceding the year indicate which degree the student received. Coding is as follows:

LAS—Bachelor's degree in Liberal Arts and Sciences.

D—2-year Diploma.

E—Bachelor's degree in Education.

M—Master's degree in Graduate School.

V&P—Bachelor's degree in Vocations and Professions.

The year alone indicates the last date of attendance.

1891

60th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10

ARTHUR J. SNYDER and his wife, MARY E. DAVIS of the class of '92, have retired to their farm near Springfield, Idaho.

Having left teaching in "these parts" way back in 1904, Snyder moved to Idaho to make alfalfa and grass grow where once the sage brush ruled supreme.

The Snyders settled 27 miles from the nearest town and went through all the trials of early pioneering in establishing their farm home.

Now they look back with satisfaction at the years they have spent building their home and growing up with the state.

Mr. Snyder has helped in forming several farm cooperatives, was a school trustee for more than 25 years, and has continued work in Masonry begun in Belvidere, Ill. For 11 years he was Eminent Commander of Mt. Putnam Commandery No. 12.

Mrs. Snyder too has been active in civic affairs. She helped start the Springfield Domestic science club and was the State secretary of the Idaho Federation of Women's Clubs.

Their two daughters and their son grew up in Idaho, and all three have college degrees.

Snyder reports that only his oldest daughter, Dorothy, "dishonored them with a Phi Beta Kappa pin, but she has a Master's degree in Education."

Marian, the younger daughter, took honors in business at Berkeley, and Arthur, the son, graduated in electrical engineering. He is now with Boeing

Airplane factory in Seattle trying to take the kinks out of jet planes.

ALBERT KELL, D 1895, and WINIFRED REICHERT KELL, 1908, live on a farm near Salem. They have two children.

1896

55th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10

## ALUM HONORED



On April 30 W. O. WITHROW was honored at a dinner at Lincoln Park Pavillion in Springfield for his 55 years service in the field of education. Shown with Withrow from left to right are Aubrey Holmes, secretary of the State Teachers Retirement System, Sylvester Long, chairman of the Sangamon County Principals Association, A. R. Evans, superintendent of Auburn Community Unit district No. 10, and Sam Bishop, assistant on reorganization in the Office of Superintendent of Registration and Education, and the outboard motor, steel fishing rod, tackle box and minnow bucket presented to Withrow by the group.

Withrow plans to retire as superintendent of Sangamon county schools in August and spend his time farming his 160 acres and doing a great deal of fishing.

He married MAE CLARK who also attended Southern in '96, and they have two daughters, Frances and Ruth.

Withrow has come a long way since

he ran for county superintendent on the Prohibition ticket during his one-room school days in the early 1900's. A saloon keeper, the father of one of Withrow's students, offered to back Withrow if there were a chance of his winning the election. He did not win that election, but he did serve as principal and teacher in the elementary schools of Sangamon county until 1939 when he was elected county superintendent.

During his 12 years in the superintendency, a great deal of reorganization has taken place. In the last three years 177 small school districts have been reduced to 25 consolidated schools with varied and balanced curriculum.

Although improving the school systems has been first in his interest, he has found time to devote to civic organizations and church work.

He is a member of the Kiwanis club, Shriners, Masons, Hi 12, and the Odd Fellows. He is a director of the Washington Street mission in Springfield, which is operated by the First Christian Church.

HARRY J. ALVIS, 1898, celebrated his 60th wedding anniversary this year. He and Mrs. Alvis live at 815 Yamhill St., McMinnville, Ore. They have two sons, one of whom is a doctor in the navy.

ROBERT CLEMENTS, D 1898, is a retired physician and surgeon. He makes his home in Bryson City, North Carolina. The Clements have two children.

Dr. JOHN W. MARCHILDON, D 1899, is retired from the medical profession. He makes his home with his son J. W., Jr., at 112 N. Edinburgh Ave., Los Angeles 48, Calif. His son is also a doctor.

CHARLES WEBKEMEYER, D 1899, passed away in February.

1901

50th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10

ELIZABETH BRUSH, D 1902, is retired from the history department at Rockford College.

ELLA LIGHTFOOT, D 1903, is a secretary. Her address is 4800 S. Dorchester Ave., Chicago 15.

A retired farm manager and fruit grower, HOMER DAVID ETHERTON, D 1904, lives in LeRoy. For several years he was principal of the Shawneetown high school and served as a railroad postal clerk. His six chil-



dren are all grown. Two of his sons have civil service positions, a third is a doctor and the fourth is a farmer.

MINNIE SMITH LEE, D 1904, widow of CHESTER LEE, D 1904, lives with her daughter at 6311-A West Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Four members of the class of 1905 have reported to a recent roll call. LEONA ETHERTON Dippell, a widow, is a saleswoman in Hollywood, Calif. LENA BURGESS Gunn and husband, Bill, are passing their time in Miami, Fla. MARY ALICE HAWLEY says she is an official "baby sitter," and lists her address at 1343 Neola St., Los Angeles, Calif. EDITH ENTSMINGER Miller is a housewife. She makes her home at 804 W. Pecan, Carbondale.

1906

**45th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10**

PEARL PORTERFIELD has retired from teaching and now spends her free time in doing art work. She is art chairman of the second district of the Illinois Federated Women's club in Chicago.

Classmate ROSCOE TYGETT is an attorney in Christopher. Mrs. Tygett, IRA TWEEDY, also is a member of the class. The Tygetts have three children.

1911

**40th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10**

LLOYD PATHAEL, D 1913, and his wife, MAIDA KELLY, D 1912, make their home in Pekin where he is a railway transportation clerk. They have a son, Lloyd, Jr.,



Mr. and Mrs. U. R. Matthews are greeted by Alumni Director Wayne Mann.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Matthews of 1220 Beacon St., E. Chicago, Indiana, recently visited the Alumni Services. William, D 1915, and Mrs. LIBBY M. CROWELL Matthews, 1914, were on their way for an extended



Remember when the Obelisk was a production only for the "Survival of the fittest." Perhaps you will recall the work of Patheal, Modglin, Nobles and Stroman and realize that they gave their all for that yearbook or yearbooks.

trip through the south and west.

After having spent 48 years in teaching, Matthews now is in the real estate and insurance business.

Accompanying the Matthews on the trip was his brother, who has spent 48 years in the ministry.

During their stay in Carbondale, they visited Mrs. Matthews sister, ANNA CROWELL who is a sophomore at Southern.

1916

**35th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10**

Members of the class of '16 and their friends will hold their 35th year reunion in the recreation room of the women's gym from 2 to 5 p. m. on Saturday, June 9.

1921

**30th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10**

"Rather Personal," they said in 1921 when JOHN WATSON, (in psychology class) asked, "How do you explain love at first sight?"

Prof. Wham: "Well, that depends—that depends—State your case Mr. Watson."

MAY HANKINS, D 1925, is now Mrs. C. E. Miller of Carbondale. She is a visitor for the Illinois Public Aid Commission, and he is a dentist. Their special interest is show horses.

1926

**25th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10**

Dr. WILLARD GERSBACHER will hold open house for the class from 3 to 5 p. m. at his home at 508 W. Pecan, Carbondale.

The class of '28 will be interested to learn that FRANK M. RICHARDSON, managing editor of the Southeastern Drug Journal in Atlanta, Ga., has been granted a leave of absence to return to active duty as a commander in the Navy.

He reported May 4 at Great Lakes to take up his duties as district public information officer for the 13-state area comprising the district.

JULIA BRACEWELL McCarthy and husband ANDREW, both of the class of '30, are now in Atlanta, Ga., where he is a member of the physics department at Georgia Tech.

1931

**20th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10**

CLYDE ANDERSON is married and has two children. He is living in Metropolis at the present time and is personnel assistant at the Atom Bomb Plant at Paducah, Ky.

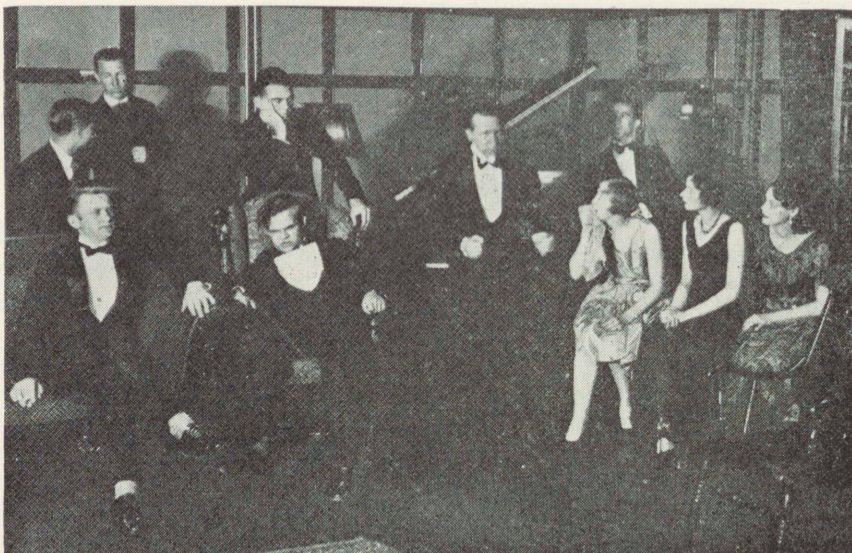
AURELIA DEUTSCHMANN, former primary teacher in the Lenzburn public schools is now Mrs. Peter F. Pannier. The Panniers and their son and daughter live on a farm near Lenzburg.

Kathryn, their daughter, attends the East Dutch Hill school taught by Mrs. John Troester nee HELEN DICKSON, '42.

WINNIE HAYNES, DOROTHY STOEKLIN, and URSULLA C. HA-

Continued on page 22





Recognize this play? Socrats LURA JACOBS, ARTHUR TRAMMELL, DEAN MARTIN, ORVILLE ALEXANDER, DOROTHY CLARK, LOIS MALLORY, CHARLES BATEMAN, RAYMOND AKIN, OMER HENRY, GUY NEAL, and DAVE ADAMSON gave their version of "Dulcy."

## Alumni News Notes

Continued from page 21

VEY, all of '33, have joined the ranks of housewives.

Winnie, Mrs. Earle V. Gardiner, is very busy with her three small daughters. Her husband is manager of commercial electronics in Chicago Heights (television and communications).

Dorothy, Mrs. J. R. Evans, lives in San Francisco, Calif., and Ursula, Mrs. Al Jordan, lives in Harrisburg.

ALBERT RYAN, another '33, has moved to 5500 Canterbury Rd., Kansas City 3, Kans. He is employed by Ethyl Corp. The Ryans have three children, Sheila 10, Betty Jane 5, and John 3.

1936  
15th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10

HUBERT HENRY SUTTON, E 1936 and wife, LORENE POOLE, 1929, live in Carmi. Hubert is superintendent of the Fairfield City schools.

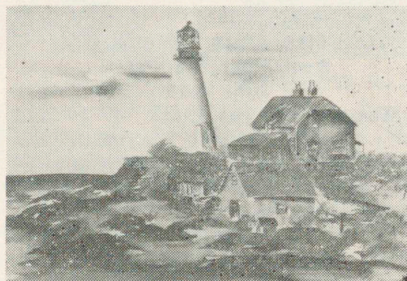
HARRY BATLEY, '37, is a real estate broker in Hemet, Calif. After leaving Southern, Harry got a master's degree at the University of Illinois.

News from the class of '38: CHARLES H. HARBISON is a real estate broker in Delray Beach, Florida. He is married and has three children.

WILLARD V. STEIN has been in the navy for 12 years and at present is aboard the carrier USS Boxer on the Sea of Japan.

VIRGIL R. WHEATLEY and LOUISE ZIMMERMAN, E 1937, live in Greenup where he serves as assistant superintendent of the Cumberland Unit.

Mrs. ROBERT WILSON nee BLANCHE MCCOY is teaching in the Lone Star school in Canutillo, Texas. Her husband Robert, E 1936, is a border patrol inspector with the U. S. Immigration Service. The Wilsons have two children.



Pictured above is a painting of the Yarmouth Lighthouse done by Wendell C. Lanton, E 1940, in Nova Scotia last summer. This painting belongs to Miss Margaret Sloan of Evanston.

WENDELL C. LANTON and his wife went on a 4,000 mile tour of the Gaspé Peninsula, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia last summer. Wendell did many water color paintings on the trip.

He has exhibited his paintings many times in the Chicago area and elsewhere. Last spring he won a prize for a design submitted to the "House of Schiller" radio program for a plastic curtain.

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## A Separate Person

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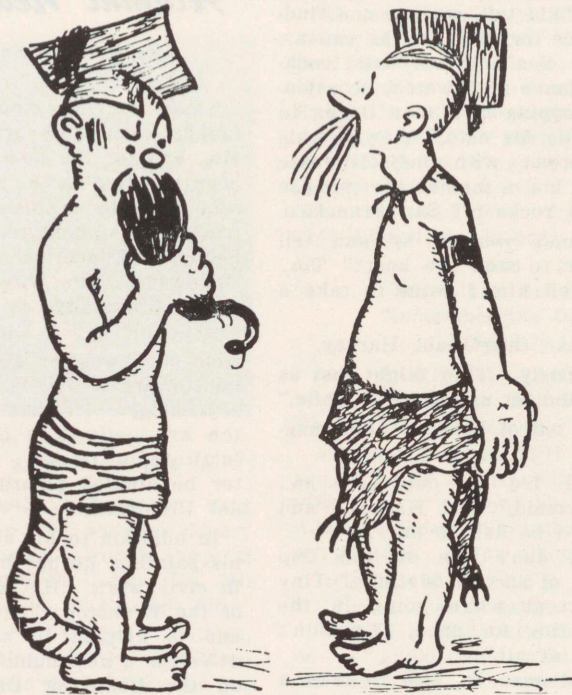
stuck halfway down, emerged on the narrow second deck and watched the foam continually furrowed up by the ship, handed his mess card to a soldier to be punched, and was drawn into the gullet that led to the belly of the ship. First a moist, clinging heat, then a clatter as of a thousand buckets being thrown downstairs. From here on, the line inched only. At the foot of a second stair, Cline fished knife, fork, and spoon out of boxes and picked up a compartmented tray, hot from the scalding machine, whose fog dimmed this end of the room. Then to sidle along in front of the steam cabinet, holding out his tray. A K. P. tossed a square of toast into the largest compartment. The next K. P., leaning against the wall, glowered at him through the steam from an empty cabinet. The third slapped a spoonful of cornmeal mush into the smallest compartment of the tray. The fourth held a cup under the sputtering but empty tap of a coffee urn. Cline picked up one of three filled mugs that remained; the soldier who followed him picked up the other two.

At the doorway, still another K. P. was calling out, as regularly as breathing, "This way! Right on through! This way! Right on through!" Cline hesitated, just beyond the doorway, between the room he had entered, which seemed crammed with men, and the room to the right. "This way! Right on through!" cried another K. P., beckoning from another doorway. Automatically Cline went that way and on through.

There was no difference, though, in the two rooms. This, like the other, contained tables twenty feet long, suspended on poles at chest height, all lined with men. Cline found space for a tray at the near end of a table and stood beside it. There were no seats. Several condensed-milk cans stood near him. He tried them all and found them empty. The soldier opposite handed him another. He poured a little milk into his coffee and a good deal on the mush. The sugar bowl was about ten feet away. Cline nudged the next man and pointed. The nudge passed slowly down the table, and the sugar bowl was slid from hand to hand until within reach.

Cline began eating. The toast was fair; not warm, but not black, either. The coffee was excellent. The mush was tasteless except for the sugar he had put on it and the faintly scorched taste of the canned milk.





Place—Front of auditorium  
Time—Before Commencement (Before the inauguration)  
The struggle begins:  
Faculty member clutching beard in dismay—"Where, oh where are students? Know they not that this is the Big Day?"  
Faculty member registering despair—"Alas, brother, they seem to have vanished. We have searched high and low and the cafe. They are gone."  
F. M. C. B.—"After me renting these duds at an extremely high price, and now no one will gaze in awe at me arrayed in them, ah me!"

"This way, right on through," Cline thought, and wielded his spoon rapidly. "Here's the prisoners," the soldier opposite called to him.

A marine carrying a tommy-gun paraded along the aisle from somewhere behind. He was followed by eight soldiers in fatigues, walking in single file. Behind them came another armed marine. They went on down the aisle and disappeared through a doorway.

"Going back to the States to serve time," the man opposite added, raising his voice above the general clamor.

"Is somebody afraid they'll get away?" Cline asked.

"I dunno. Maybe they're all champion swimmers."

The soldier picked up his tray and left. Cline gave up the notion of eating mush. He shifted his weight to the other foot and drank from his cup. The coffee was hot enough, and the room hotter. Feeling stifled, he pulled off his jacket and hung it over one arm.

Another G. I. set his tray down on the opposite side of the table and stood looking at it. Cline looked, too. It held one slice of toast; the other

five compartments were empty.

"No coffee left?" Cline called out to him.

"Not a drop."

"I was going back for another cup," Cline said, "but I guess I won't be hoggish."

Cline emerged on deck amidships and wandered aft along a narrow aisle kept clear for traffic. He did not recognize anyone among the men lying and squatting about the deck. There was no place to sit.

"Now hear this," cried the loudspeaker. "Army sweepers, man your brooms. A clean sweep fore and aft."

Cline stood awhile holding his jacket and waiting to cool off. Two men were playing chess near by on the deck, using a pocket board and pen. They sat facing each other, like friendly Buddhas, knees thrust out, heads bowed and almost touching, staring down at their common level, the chessboard with its tiny black and white figures. Cline waited awhile for one of them to move. Soon his attention wandered. Having dried off a little in the breeze, he put on his jacket and strolled away.

In the stern, where a space was

kept clear by a rope, he saw a dozen men walking aimlessly about or staring over the rail. The two men dressed in white were watching them. It looked like a group of idle passengers with servants in waiting. These could not be prisoners; the guards were neither marines nor armed. Cline remembered hearing that there were some psychos aboard. "And traveling in style," he thought.

He wandered on. As one of the last to finish breakfast, he could not expect that others would be called away and leave him a place to sit. He tried the port side. Here, too, the fantail was roped off; a few crew members were putting about there; they did not seem crowded.

Cline walked forward on the port side, past the sprawlers, the sitters, the card players with their blankets spread out, the sun bathers, the chess players, the book readers, the rail leaners and finger pointers, the sweepers manning their brooms and prying up loungers as they went. To the right was the superstructure and above it a railing, and on the railing rested the elbows of three army officers peering down through sun goggles at the groundlings below. Spaced an even ten feet apart, with their thin noses and their amber eyes pointing parallel, they looked like a new kind of gargoyle keeping inviolate their military cathedral.

The loudspeaker asked that the second deck be cleared away to make way for the chow line. Eleven o'clock. Cline had spent nearly the whole morning getting breakfast.

Cline walked forward and found a place to stand near the rope that fenced off the bow. It carried a sign reading "Out of bounds to troops." He took a cigarette and borrowed a light from a bull-like fellow near by. For lack of other amusement, he scanned the water for flying fish but could not discover any. The water looked smoother now and a lighter blue, a wide, level, and uncrowded plain.

Harvey came up, looking vague. He held an unlighted cigarette in his mouth.

"Light?" Cline asked, and offered his own cigarette. Harvey looked at it, took his cigarette out of his mouth and looked at that, put it back in his mouth and accepted the light.

"How's tricks?" he asked, in two puffs of smoke.

"Okay."

"I hear we're going to stop at Suez and take on some more men."

"God! I hope not. How many?"

Harvey held his cigarette out and frowned at it.

"I dunno," he said and pursed his

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## A Separate Person

Continued from page 23

lips. "One guy said five hundred. One said sixty-three."

"Now hear this," said the loud-speaker. "All troops in compartment Two Charlie form a chow line on the port side of the second deck."

Harvey paused with his cigarette not quite in his mouth.

"Did he say Two Charlie?"

"Yeah."

"Calling us first?"

"Sounds like it. But hell, I've just had breakfast."

"So've I. Guess we'd better go, though."

Harvey frowned. Then he smiled.

"Come on. Maybe we'll get some ice cream for once."

Cline followed him without hurrying. Breakfast at ten, dinner at eleven-thirty.

When Cline came up on deck again, he strolled aft on the starboard side, crossed to port and wandered forward, passed through the tunnel behind the bridge, and approached the great hatch again from the starboard side. The only clear places he had seen along the deck were in brilliant sun. The hatch was full of men, some sitting on its edge and dangling their legs, some propped against the wall of the forecastle and facing forward. Cline halted, discouraged. Tiny was there against the forecastle. So was Eaton. So was Harvey.

Tiny, the smallest peak in this range, saw Cline and beckoned. Stepping high, Cline put a foot between two men and a hand on the shoulder of one. A stranger beyond seized his other hand and helped him up. He crossed the pool of men as on stepping stones, and Tiny somehow made room for him along the wall.

"Us old men have got to stick together," he said as Cline sat down.

"Don't know when I've had anything to lean against."

Cline tried to stretch out his feet, but a sprawling G. I. was in the way. He put his arms around his knees to keep himself in bounds.

Cline sat contentedly enough for a long time in this little island of friends from the old Eleventh, a little island thrusting out peninsulas into a sea of khaki and herringbone twill and tanned or reddened or atabrine-yellow skin. The hatch was a swarm of strangers taking the sun, their jackets open to expose their bellies to its rays, while hands shielded their eyes; their jackets off to expose slablike backs, while their heads pillowed sleepily on forearms; all still and all stirring; here a knee

lifted and crooked, there a leg thrust up like a rigid tail, waving and finding no space for itself on the canvas, somewhere else a brown wrist cocked for a glance at a watch, occasionally the flopping of a man trying to turn over on his side. Viewing this platter spread with indiscriminate man, Cline had a momentary glimpse of the seal rocks off San Francisco.

"Why don't you go up and tell the skipper to stop the boat?" Tiny asked. "Tell him I want to take a swim."

"Now hear this," said Harvey.

"No seriously. They might just as well stop and let us off for a while."

"Ocean's out of bounds," Cline suggested.

"Some G. I.'d get out there and find a mermaid," said Harvey, "and then there'd be hell to pay."

"What I don't like on this trip is the lack of accommodations," Tiny said. "Except we're going in the right direction for once, I wouldn't care for it at all."

"It would sure be nice to take a swim," said Harvey. "Was you ever at Coney Island?"

Tiny poked Harvey with his elbow.

"You hear the bright trick this genius pulled?" he asked Cline.

"No. I haven't seen him for an hour or so. What's he done now?"

Harvey smiled self-consciously.

"Well, this monument of human brilliance and ingenuity and — " he broke off.

"Acumen?" Cline suggested.

"Swell. This bit of raveled acumen went to chow. And just as he started to leave, along comes a guy with a gun leading a line of guys with the letter P on their backs. Harvey waits politely until they go by and then he falls in behind them. They walk upstairs without saying anything and come out on deck. They turn right and Harvey turns left. But he only thinks he's turning left.

Harvey snickered.

"He only thinks so, because a marine sticks a gun in his ribs and makes him go right. And they go along on deck and down some more stairs and there they are in the clink.

Tiny poked Harvey again.

"This genius. This man of acumen. He'd fallen in between the prisoners and the second guard."

"Hell, I didn't pay'em any attention," Harvey said.

"Took him half an hour to talk himself out of the brig. He don't talk very fast."

"It ain't half bad down there," Harvey offered. "They've got more room than we have. I don't know

Continued on page 26

## Alumni News Notes

Continued from page 22

Since leaving Southern he has taught music and art in Kirkwood, Mo., and for the last nine years has been teaching in the Evanston public schools. He is also a supervising teacher of student teachers from the School of Education at Northwestern University. His wife is a librarian at the University.

Wendell has a master's degree from Northwestern and is now working toward a Ph. D. in educational psychology. He has studied art in the Art Institute of Chicago and the Institute of Design. This past winter he studied painting under Michael Ursulescu.

In addition to his school work and his painting, he has been very active in civic work. He is vice president of the Evanston Community hospital and is helping in a 900,000 dollar drive for a new building. He is also on the Board of Directors of the Evanston Council of Social Agencies and is a Neighborhood Commissioner for the Boy Scouts.

Mrs. SHIRLEY LOGAN MILLER, 1940, is a minister's wife in Gorham, Ill.

NORBERT JOHN MOORLEGHEN, 1940, M. S. 1950, is a detail inspector at McDonald Aircraft Co. in St. Louis. His address is 205 E. George St., Mascoutah, Ill.

RALPH O. RANDALL, E 1940, is teaching grade six in Willow Run, Michigan. He received the master's degree from the U. of I. in 1947. His address is 26813 Kitch Ave., Inkster, Michigan.

CLETUS WESTON, E 1940, is working for the Nash Motor Corporation. Mrs. Weston is the former FRANCES TODD who attended Southern in 1940. They have three sons, and their address is RI Box 553, Tobin Rd., Kenosha, Wisc.

1941

10th Class Reunion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10

Mr. and Mrs. HALBERT GULLEY are living at 1026 Boudreau drive, Urbana. Halbert is now professor of speech at the U. of I. Mrs. Gulley is the former NADINE GULLEY and attended Southern in 1941. They have three children.

ARTHUR L. WASHINGTON is teaching and serving as athletic director at the Sumner high school in St. Louis. He and Mrs. Washington, the former RITA L. WAS, 1937, have three children, including 18-months-old twins. They make their



residence at 4534 Ashland, St. Louis, Mo.



Melvin Applebaum  
"Who's Who" on the campus in '41

JAMES ELMER MITCHELL, 1942, is employed in the weights department of McDonald Aircraft Corp. at Lambert Airport, St. Louis, Mo. His address is Box 125, St. Charles, Mo.

Mrs. GRACE TWITTY Bydalek, 1942, is teaching in the Kankakee high school. She writes that she has very pleasant memories of SIU, and that she expects to receive her master's degree at the U. of I. this summer.

Her address is 594 S. Main Ave., Kankakee.

Mrs. LORMA LUDWIG Bauer is married to a naval doctor who is presently serving in the war zone aboard the USS General Morton. They have one daughter, Beverly Ann. Mrs. Bauer is living at 193 Via Coralla, San Lorenzo, Calif.

Mrs. RUTH LEMMEL Buntman, E 1943, is living at 7039 Crandon Avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. ETHEL MAY FINDLAY Layman, E 1943, is teaching home economics in the Point Loma high school in San Diego, Calif. Her husband, DAVID E. LAYMAN, 1942, is with the Consolidated Aircraft Corp. They have one son, and their address is 1304 24th Street, San Diego, Calif.

MARSHALL W. PEARCE, 1943, is living at Corpus Christi, Texas, where his address is % Southern Minerals, 411 N. Broadway.

JOHN E. WOLFE, 1943, is a design engineer for Northrop Aircraft. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe live at 618-B So. Pacific Coast Highway, Redonde Beach, Calif.

Mrs. HELEN DARSZKIEWICZ KOONCE has just returned from Japan with her three sons as her husband has been transferred to Korea. While in Japan she taught in the foreign language school in Matsuyania which is located on Shikaheia Island. Her address is now 1420 N. Park, Herrin. Her husband, SHADLEY

KOONCE, attended Southern in 1944.

Mr. and Mrs. SAM KESSLER are living at 221-03 142nd Road, Springfield Gardens 13, L. I., New York. Mrs. Kessler is the former MARION BARRON. She graduated in 1945.

Mrs. KATHRYN WINKLER Smith, E 1945, is teaching homemaking in the elementary schools of Kansas City, Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Smith live at 2944 Lockridge, Kansas City 3, Mo.

1946  
5th Class Renuion  
Remember the Dates  
June 9-10

Mrs. DOROTHY BAKER Morgenstern is living at 1018 Fairview St., Rapid City, S. Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. RALPH W. LOGAN are living at 239 Kansas Ave., Belleville. Mrs. Logan is the former Adelaide Horn. She attended Southern in 1946. Ralph attended in 1941.

ROBERT E. SMITH is living at 900 S. Forest, Carbondale.

JAMES P. THOMPSON is employed as audio-visual aids consultant. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have two children, and their address is 7433 Parkwood Drive, St. Louis 16, Mo.

Mrs. BERNICE BLAKELY Austin, 1947, is a housewife and the mother of one child. Her address is 120 Seward, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Mrs. MARY DOHANICH Almond, 1947, is living at 722 Oneida Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

ROGER ANNEAR, 1947, is enrolled in the University of Iowa, where he is working on a master's degree. His address is 621 Brown, Iowa City, Iowa.

HUBERT M. RIHERD, LAS 1947, has recently been promoted to Captain in the Air Force. He is stationed in Alaska where he is a weather observer. His home address is 231 N. Locust St., Centralia.

BILL H. FERKETICH, E 1948, is living at 210 Maple, Zeigler.

JANET MARIE HANFT, 1948, is teaching the second grade in Edwardsville. Her address can be obtained from Mrs. Dan Hanft, Lenzburg.

NORMAN E. LAMP, 1948, is living on RR No. 4, Carmi.

Cadet DONALD GENE LEWIS, 1948, address is Class 54, Co. A-2 USCC, West Point, New York.

WILLIAM L. LEEMAN, 1948, is in the Air Force. His address is Pvt. Wm. L. Leeman, AF163,0851, 3457th Sch. Squadron, Boyd Hall, Norman, Oklahoma.

LOUIS U. MITCHELL, JR., 1948, is radio repairman in the signal corps. His address is 1904 Bell, Lawton, Okla.

DONALD L. CAMPBELL, 1949, is in the Air Force attending the Vale Technical Institute in Blairsville, Pa. His home address is 103 Highmore

Ave., Anna.

PAUL E. DICKERSON, LAS, 1949, is working in the claims department of the County Mutual Casualty Co. Mrs. Dickson is the former MARY FLAMM, 1948. They have one son, and their address is 507 N. Buchanon, Marion.

EDWARD MORGAN KERR, E 1949, is working as recreation technician. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr live at 305 W. College, Carbondale.

JOHN WALTER PERO, E 1949, is vocational agriculture teacher in Bethalto.

JOSE LUIS REYES, who taught Spanish at Southern in 1948-49 as an exchange student from South America, is now teaching Spanish in the Belitz School of Languages in San Francisco. His address is Y. M. C. A. Hotel, 351 Turk Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

LOUIS N. ROWELL, LAS 1949, is employed by the North American Aviation Corps in the Laboratory at Downey, Calif.

Mrs. MARTHA H. ROWELL attended Southern in 1949. Their address is 2572 Albany Ave., Long Beach 8, Calif.

KENNETH G. SMITH, E 1949, is an instructor at the University of Missouri. Mr. and Mrs. Smith live at 25 T St., Columbia, Mo.

PHILIP R. STRANGE, LAS 1949, MS 1950, is a veterans administration intern at the V. A. hospital in Chillicothe, Ohio, where he is working toward the Ph. D. in Psychology.

LEE EDWARD UNGER, E. 1949, is a sixth grade teacher in Harlinger, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Unger have three children, and their address is 913 Austin, Harlinger, Texas.

SAM CARONA, E 1950, is living at 1009 150th St., Whitestone, New York. He is married and is employed by the Long Island Railroad.

JOHN HENRY CRAIG, JR., LAS 1950, is living at 505 N. 12th St., Herrin, Ill.

KENNETH GROSS, E 1950, is a bank employee in Chester. Mrs. Gross is the former AILEEN BARNARD, E 1950, and they make their home at 1223A Swanwick, Chester.

S/s EDMUND F. CURTAIN, JR., 1950, is serving in the armed forces. His address is 314 Bishop St., De-Redder, Louisiana.

NORMAN STANLEY DOUGLAS, 1950, has the following address: AF17283969, 3380th Student Sqd., Box No. 185, Keesler Air Force Base, Biloxi, Miss.

ESTEL LOGAN, E 1950, is living at Louisville, Ill.

DANIEL WARREN McCLEERREN, E 1950, has accepted the position as principal of the Goreville high school.

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## A Separate Person

Continued from page 24

why I wanted to get out."

"Next thing," Tiny said, "he'll be going down there to stay, he likes it so well."

"Hell," said Cline, "we're all pretty much locked up on this boat, anyway."

So far, Eaton had not said a word; apparently he had not listened.

Cline sat on the hatch for a couple of hours, until he felt grown to it. Besides, soldiers were standing now all around, over-shadowing him like restless trees and walling in his sight.

"Guess I'll go to the library," he said.

"Hell, man," said Tiny, "you want to stick your nose in a book on an ocean cruise? Sit still and enjoy the trip."

"I'll wait till they change the scenery. I've seen this before."

Gingerly Cline pulled himself to his feet. A standee eyed him speculatively.

"Be seeing you," Cline said and started off. The standee was in motion instantly and beat two others to the vacant place.

The library, a small room one deck below, was crowded. Cline had to

wait a little at the door before he could find space enough to insert one more soldier. The walls were lined with half-empty shelves, but men were there and four deep along the shelf spaces.

Unable to approach within an arm's length of the books, Cline tried to read the titles over other men's shoulders and between their heads. Most were unreadable at that distance, but some had little silhouettes on their backs in the form of pistols, daggers, masks, and cloaked men.

Edging in toward another set of shelves, Cline reached between two men and pulled out a book at random. The title was *LIVE ALONE AND LIKE IT*. "Christ!" thought Cline, and dangled the book between thumb and finger until he had a chance to toss it back on the shelf.

A little further on, he found some paper-bound books. Again he reached at hazard. The book he caught was a life of Whitman. Cline regarded it doubtfully. Read about Whitman, here? He needed something stronger and quicker-acting than biography. He moved to replace the book and then thought better of it. Standing there for a moment, swaying to the push of shoulders and elbows, he sampled three or four pages. No harm, he decided; he could bring it back if it didn't fit. He charged the book out at the desk near the door.

When he had climbed halfway up the stairs, a group of sailors came down it out of turn, squeezing him against the wall. His book caught between the moving bodies and was torn from his hand. As Cline groped for it on the dark steps, a line from Whitman came into his mind: "One's self I sing, a simple, separate person, you utter the word Democratic, the word *En-Masse*."

On deck again, Cline found a clear space at the base of one of the supports for a life boat. He sat down there, a semi-detached person, and read, becoming more absorbed in the book, less aware of what went on about him.

An indefinite time afterward, a pair of legs that he barely noticed stopped beside him; the legs brought a shadow and dropped it on his page. Cline shifted the book a few inches to get better light.

A voice somewhere said, "How are you doing." One of the feet beside him was lifted to kick him gently on the thigh. With his mind twisted back toward reality, Cline looked up at someone whose head jutted into the bright sky: he put up a hand to shield his eyes and looked again. It was Eaton.

"I said, 'How are you doing?'"

"Pretty well. Pull up a chair and sit down."

"Thanks. I will."

Eaton squatted before him, took away his book, glanced at it, and returned it without comment. He looked casually about at the deck full of men.

"Where are you going when you get out of the army?" he asked. "Going to Coney Island?"

"Like Harvey? Hell, no."

"You know what I'm going to do?" Eaton asked. "I'm going to a monastery or a mountain or maybe to a monastery on a mountain; I'll ask for a private cell."

"Why don't you try a jail?"

Eaton smiled wryly.

"That's a thought."

Cline remembered a friend's arguing, in civilian days, that most problems between people could be settled by giving them enough space. "If they can't get along together, keep them apart," he had argued. He had cited hermits, country homes, and the rugged pioneers. Cline thought it would be nice to send him a picture post card showing this ship: "Wish you were here." For never in the world had he ever seen so many people and so few open conflicts. Maybe peace was to be found also in the lack of space, if you could inure yourself to it—in the solidarity of bees swarming on a limb and on each other, or in the torpor of pythons knotted together in a cage where none could be traced from end to end except by its creeping progress over and under the more inert.

Cline would have presented the thought to Eaton, but hardly to anyone else; Eaton, however, had lit a cigarette and was letting it burn away between his fingers. He had forgotten about Cline. His eyelid was twitching again. In a little while he put out the cigarette and walked away without speaking.

Looking out past the standing men, Cline could see the ocean, which was spacious enough and yet bound in by a circle that crept slowly over the globe, keeping due distance from its crowded center, the ship. What a dreary waste of room, he thought. He started to stretch, but his elbows were pinioned by the bodies on either side.

All the bells on the ship began ringing. The deck tilted and the dim blue mountains rose in the air, drawing a distant freighter after them and tilting the platter of water on which the freighter lay. Then freighter and mountains gathered speed and glided aft. Standing men swayed and balanced; those sitting or lying down leaped to their feet. One, stepping

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## Alumni News Notes

Continued from page 25

He is married and has one child.

BILLIE BELL RITCHEY, 1950, has enlisted in the navy, and his address is: S. R. Billie Bell Ritchey, 2884741, Company 51-345, U. S. Naval Training Center, San Diego 33, Calif.

LEON SCROGGINS, 1950, has the following address: AF17292864, 3394th Student Sqd., Box 699, Keesler AFB, Miss.

BYRL L. SIMS, V & P 1950, is a photographer in the Army Signal Corps stationed at Big Delta, Alaska. Byrl writes that the mosquitoes are a terrific nuisance, but that he hopes to get in some good fishing and mountain climbing. He says the nearest town to camp is Fairbanks, 101 miles away, and that the temperature has averaged about 70 degrees ever since he arrived at Big Delta. His address is Pvt. Byrl L. Sims, US 55029054, Hq. Co., AATC, APO 733, C/o P. M. Seattle, Washington.

JIMMIE D. STAUDACHER, 1950, is serving in the navy aboard the USS Perkins. His address is S. A. 340-62-58, USS Perkins, DDR 877 Fleet PO San Francisco, Calif.



# Where The '51's Will Be

BETTY AHLF, E, of Sandoval, will teach home economics in the high school at Okawville.

DWIGHT AITKEN, E, of Tilden, has accepted a position to teach general science and industrial arts in the Community Unit school at Red Bud.

WARD ARMSTRONG of Hoopston, LAS, has been employed by Douglas Aircraft in Santa Monica, Calif.

HENRY BARNARD of Sparta, M, will teach in the elementary schools of Champaign.

JACK W. BENNETT of Mt. Vernon, V&P, has accepted a position as salesman with the Clarke Sandling Machine Company.

ROBERT F. BLACKMAN of Carbondale, V&P, is employed by the Vogler Motor Company in Carbondale.

DONALD BOSWELL of Anna, V&P, will be a junior accountant for Ernst & Ernst in St. Louis, Mo.

ESTHER BRESNAN of Murphysboro, will teach home economics in the high school at Gorham.

MARSHALL F. BROOKS of Jackson, Missouri, M, will be the principal of the Allen elementary school in Galesburg.

FRED L. BRUNO of Benton, an undergraduate, has been employed by the Illinois Central Railroad as a tow car operator.

JAMES B. CHILDRESS of Carterville, V&P, has been employed as postal clerk with the United States Post Office in Carterville.

BETTY JEAN CIMA of West Frankfort, E, will teach in an elementary school in Champaign.

JOHN Q. CLARK of Carbondale, E, will teach commercial subjects and physical education in the John S. Cobb school in Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

BETTE ALLEN CORSA of Carbondale, E, will teach the first grade in Downers Grove.

JOHN HENRY CRAIG of Herrin, LAS, will have the status of Laboratory Technician with the department of health in E. St. Louis.

LEE ROY DUNCAN of Salem has accepted a position as chemist for General Electric Company in Fichland, Washington.

LORA JEAN ETHERTON of Murphysboro, E, is employed in the Credit Department of G. M. A. C.

ROBERT ETHERTON of Murphysboro, M, has been employed at Scott Field as instructor.

ARTHUR PAUL GARNER of Marion, M, will teach in the sixth grade of the elementary school in Edwardsville.

Mrs. JACQUELINE O'BRIST Hagler of Odin, E, is bookkeeper for the General Radiator Company, Ordnance Plant, Carterville.

RUTH E. HALTERMAN of Carbondale, E, will teach in the elementary school in Hammond, Indiana.

JACK HARPER of Cairo, V&P, has been employed by the Edgar Stephens Construction Co. in his home town.

MARY JANE KIBLER of Yale, V&P, will work as an apprentice in the Harding Hotel Company Restaurant in Chicago.

RUSSELL KING of Elizabethtown, LAS, has been employed as instructor at Scott Field.

WHITNEY D. KING of Carbondale, LAS, has accepted a position as physics instructor at Scott Field.

LORIS LODGE of Willisville, E, will teach home economics in the high school at Noble.

Mrs. BETTY NELL Martin of Herrin, E, will teach the first grade in the Frayser school at Louisville, Ky.

WILLIAM G. MARTIN of Zeigler, LAS, will be a communications instructor at Scott Air Force Base.

ROBERT MELTON of Carbondale, M, is employed by the Motors Insurance Company in Carbondale.

ROBERT McCABE of Marion, LAS, will be a Field Adjustor for the Commercial Credit Corporation in Mossville.

BONNIE C. MILLINER of Carbondale, E, has accepted a position as junior statistician with the Carbon & Carbide Chemicals in Paducah, Ky.

MALCOLM L. MILLNER of Carbondale, E, is now a draftsman with the McGraw Construction Company in Paducah, Ky.

MERILL O. MOORE of Du Quoin, has been employed to teach and coach in the junior high school at West Frankfort.

BETTY MUNDELL of Benton, E, will teach the third grade in the Clay City Elementary school in Clay City.

JOHN PARSONS of Carbondale, has an assistantship at the University of Maryland.

ALBERT PYSZKA of Scheller, E, has been employed at Scott Field as a training instructor in radio.

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## Where the '51's Will Be

Continued from page 27

THOMAS E. REGENHARDT of Mt. Vernon, V&P, has been employed by the F. H. McGraw Construction Company in Paducah, Ky.

KARL ROBINSON, M, of Anna, has accepted a position in the Bluford schools.

BOWMAN RUDOLPH of Grayville, E, has accepted the position of principal and 6th grade teacher in the north side school in Grayville.

NORMAN E. SANDER of Cartersville, V&P, is working as a junior accountant with the Arthur Anderson & Co. C. P. A. Firm in Chicago.

MARION H. SAVAGE of Mt. Vernon, E, has accepted a position at Scott Air Base as radio instructor.

BERNICE A. SCHMIDT of Nashville, E, is

now employed as a secretary in the Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Company in Paducah, Ky.

ALBERTA SMITH, E, will teach girls' physical education in the high school at Freeburg

JOE RANDALL STEVENS, V&P, has a position as trainee in the Union Carbide and Carbon Company in Paducah, Ky.

JAMES E. TATE, V&P, is employed by the California Packing Corp. in DeKalb, his home town.

BETTY VON TUNGELN of Golconda, E, will teach home economics in the community high school at Flora.

JIM WALKER of Marion, V&P, has accepted a position as trainee for the Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation in Paducah, Ky.

MARLIN WANDLING of Litchfield, V&P, has accepted a position with McDonnell Aircraft in St. Louis, Mo.

## A Separate Person

Continued from page 26

backward, tripped over an out-stretched leg and sat down. Crew members popped or crawled out of holes in the wall and scurried along the deck like startled cockroaches. Some scrambled up the turrets forward and manned the machine guns or stripped the bigger guns for action.

"What the hell's happened?"

"We must o' hit something hard."

But there had been no jolt.

"Fire drill?" someone asked.

The loudspeaker was talking about general quarters. After a pause it added, "Man overboard," and issued instructions to ready a boat and stand by to heave lines.

By now the soldiers were all on their feet and trying to look over each other's heads. The shortest hopped up and down, trying for glimpses. Cline craned and peered and stood on tiptoe but saw nothing except occasional views of the hills and of the freighter, now creeping forward on the starboard side. The freighter seemed to be eyeing them in astonishment and drawing back out of harm's way. In a few moments it had disappeared behind the forward superstructure.

Remembering Eaton, Cline looked about for him, but there was no use looking for anyone in such a mob.

There was a long wait. The loudspeaker had nothing to say officially, but somewhere behind it a voice muttered, "Five degrees to starboard."

"There he is!" cried a soldier who was clinging to the supports of a lifeboat and looking forward.

"Where?"

"Can you see him?"

"Yuh. He's swimming like a son-of-a-gun."

Someone else was saying, "He didn't fall, he jumped. Dived right over the rail."

"Who is it," Cline asked, but no one answered.

A bell rang faintly and the ship glided ever more slowly. The engines hummed and shuddered for a moment. Then they were strangely silent. The distant shore stood still. There came from the port side the staccato racket of a small engine getting under way. A boat had been launched. Soldiers began leaping down on that side of the covered hatch; others leaped onto it from starboard. Cline also jumped up on the hatch but found himself walled in by taller men and unable to see even the horizon.

"Have they got him?" he asked a stork on his right, who seemed to have a clearer view.

"Naw. They missed him. He swam away from them."

"The hell!"

"They're circling again."

The distant sputtering rose almost to a whine, slowed, and stopped.

"That guy must be nuts!" someone exclaimed.

"Hell, yes. He just sits there with his hands in his pockets."

"He is nuts," the stork agreed. "One of those nuts they keep at the back of the boat."

Cline felt a foolish relief.

"They're pulling him in," the stork continued. "He hasn't got nothing on. Must o' shed his clothes first thing."

The motor started again and grew louder. Cline stood on tiptoe but still could not see the boat.

Men along the rail leaned farther

over it as the boat came nearer. In a little while, the show over, they began drifting away and hunting places to sit down. Cline found eighteen inches of free space along the edge of the hatch and inserted himself into it. The engines began to hum and the ship to quiver.

Harvey's face emerged from the crowd, a cigarette hanging from his mouth.

"See the show?" he asked.

"No. I need a periscope to see anything."

"Quite a show," Harvey said, and grinned.

"Somebody told me he jumped."

"That's right. Did you hear what he said when they picked him up?"

"No."

"He said he didn't like this ship. He wanted to transfer to that one." Harvey pointed toward the freighter, now well to the rear.

"And leave a nice scow like this?"

Tiny came up, pushing his way through a swarm of smaller men.

"Wonder what makes a guy go bugs that way?" Harvey was saying. "Kind of bright-looking fellow, too."

"Maybe he isn't so bugs," Tiny suggested. "He went for a swim, didn't he?"

"He sure did."

"They stopped the boat for him, didn't they?"

"By God, that's right."

"Then he's the only guy on the ship that's done what he wanted to, all day. What's so bugs about that?"

Pretty soon it was time for chow.

Afterward, Cline found space on the hatch and read until the light failed. Eaton came and sat beside him for an hour while the stars came

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# "TURN OF THE TIDE"

"There weren't enough girls to go around in college, so I became a student," was the wry comment of a man who became an honor graduate and an engineering specialist.

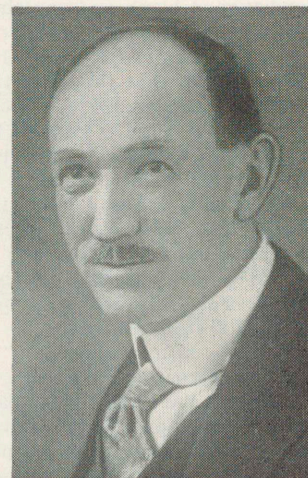
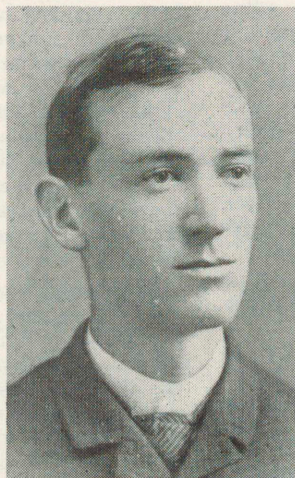
Fred W. Richart, who attended Southern in 1887, passed away this winter at his home at the age of 83. For the last 40 years he lived in Carterville where he wrote four books—said he wrote because, "I thought I could tell somebody something."

Richart was one of those people who had the happy faculty of being able to work with and appreciate all types of people.

"The longer I live," he said, "and the more I see of people, the more I am impressed by the lack of intelligence among some of the 'educated' people, and by the keen intelligence shown by many of the 'uneducated'."

Richart explained that as a practical mining engineer, "You've got to be ready every Monday morning to change your mind."

"I nearly had my head blown off," he continued, "learning what to keep away from, but I learned enough to warn my sons to study ventilation systems and see where the fresh air was coming from, and to never go where you have no business



Richart as a student and as a member of the Carterville school board.

to go."

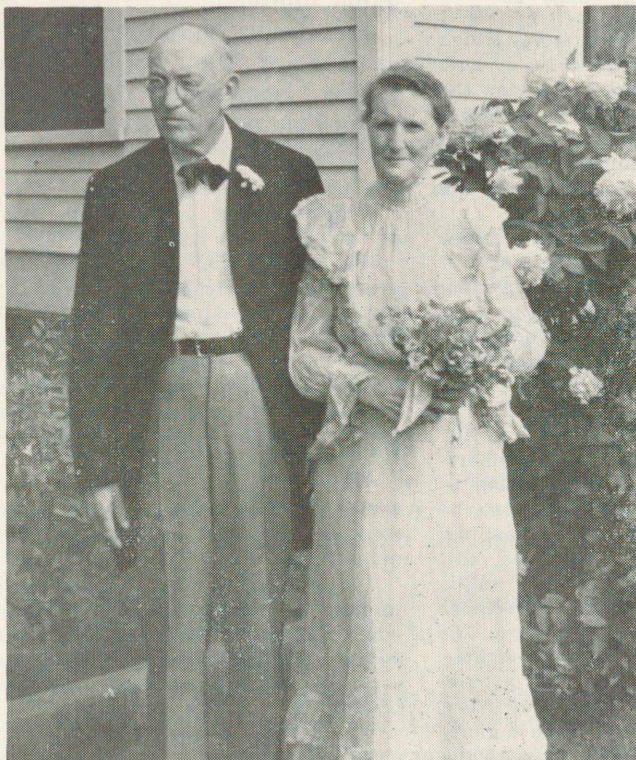
Richart was the first district superintendent of C. I. P. S., which furnished the electrical power to six towns in Southern Illinois when electricity first came to the area on a commercial basis. He worked for General Electric for more than 20 years, and from 1940 to 1945 he was employed by the McGraw, Hill Publishing Company, Inc. of New York City.

Richart was married in 1902, and had two sons and a daughter. Both of his sons followed in their father's footsteps and became mining engineers. One of his sons, Hugh M. Richart, attended Southern for two years.

The following material is selected from the chapter, "Getting An Education," from Richart's latest book, "Turn of the Tide," which has not yet been published.

"I was to enter the Normal, was to be a member of the Douglas Corps Cadets under Lt. Starr, and was to be the proud wearer of a cadet grey military uniform all decked out in brass buttons, and made of cloth finished with a shiny silken nap. It was nice and warm in winter, but those hot September days, with coat and vest buttoned up tight, raised a harvest field sweat.

"I want to give you a picture of the school, its flesh and blood makeup, and its physical appearance. The four story building stood on the foundation of the present Main Hall. Above the basement it was built of red brick, trimmed with stone and gothic in style. The internal arrangement did not differ greatly from the present Old Main. In bad weather military drills



The Richarts on their 37th wedding anniversary at their home in Carterville.

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## A Separate Person

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out and the mountains crept nearer and turned black and vanished. Cline kept his tabs on their course by watching the north star. He reported to Eaton that they had turned distinctly farther north. Eaton wondered how long it would be before they reached Suez. Except for that, they had little to say; they had known each other a long time. Men came up from below, spread their blankets, and lay down to sleep.

Once, after a long silence, Cline remarked, "I figure we'll be through with this in three weeks."

"Yes," Eaton agreed. "I try to remind myself of that."

After a last cigarette, Eaton went below. Cline stayed, enjoying the breeze, watching other people's cigarettes glow and fade. There came to be fewer of them, and then none. For awhile he enjoyed the illusion of being alone. The loudspeaker at last played taps, threatening the ear and stirring up invisible life on the deck. Men turned over; a few lighted up, cupping their hands to hold the flame against their disembodied faces.

Cline put out his last cigarette and groped toward the door that led below. Once he stepped on something soft and was quickly cursed. He apologized to the black deck.

It was hot in the compartment. Cline took off his jacket before he reached his bunk.

He stood at the end of his aisle, under the breathing ventilator, looking about. All that he could see to left or right was the ends of shelves, six or eight tiers of them; more dimly he could see the tops of some heads and the soles of some feet. The place was as quiet as the basement of a great library, and looked a good deal like it. But there the intelligence of mankind was filed away, and here its various body; if vision or fantasy lay in these sacks, it was fainter than the sounds of breathing and of the stirring of arms which were the only signs of life.

Cline had a notion to hang a little card on his bunk with a library number on it — perhaps 813 for American and C3784 for himself. To be held till called for. But no, C3784 was printed on everything he had, though not yet burnt into his skin. Anyway, time to hunt his rack.

Turning, Cline saw, at the end of the aisle, still illuminated as in a showcase, the same naked soldier with his cap pulled over his eyes. His position seemed unchanged; he might have been dead, or, more like-

ly, he might never have been alive. He lay still, inert as putty, like a clothing-store dummy waiting for the window-dresser.

Cline spread out his blanket on his bunk, removed his clothes and rolled them up for a pillow, and crept backward into his shelf, the one place on shipboard where he had every right to be. Lying on his side, he thrust his arms out into the aisle and stretched luxuriously, conscious of unfettered toes, locked knee-joints, the rigid muscles in his arm and shoulders. Sweat began crawling on his skin like flies.

The loudspeaker at the end of the aisle sighed and then breathed quietly, against a faintly sputtering noise, like a phonograph needle entering the first grooves of a record. After a few more breaths, the sounds faded. It was as though God had tuned in on them for a moment, and, finding everything quiet, had turned the dial to New York or to Mars.

Weary of seeing, Cline shut his eyes to make a private room for himself. It was small and black as a closet at first, but it gradually expanded until it filled the compartment and the boat and the ocean and the universe.

—THE END.—

## Turn of the Tide

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were conducted in the armory, which was above the assembly or study hall.

"A water tank was set under the roof. Cloak rooms were at either end of the assembly, and there were no tables in the lunch rooms; we just sat around on benches and ate like coal miners.

"Out side there were two sections of the sanitary department, made of brick, that looked a lot more inviting than they smelled. Sanitation had not become a necessity in those days.

"President Robert Allyn was near six feet three, bewhiskered, keen eyed, just a bit stooped, and had a voice roughened like a medium file. He spoke and walked with deliberation, and he must have started out as a country school teacher, for he thought good reading, correct spelling, and exact pronunciation were still elements of a good education to be checked and stressed in a Teachers College.

"Late in the afternoon of November 26, 1883, someone knocked at the door of our algebra class. Miss Green took the message and then quietly dismissed the class. We went to the assembly hall for our belongings, then outside to take a look. A bit

## More Than The Law Allows

Continued from page 13

heard one scream as they are believed to do.

Eleven months out of every year DuComb is a gentle, typical, small-town country doctor. And then for one month he shelves his black bag and stethoscope to head for wilderness country. His dozens of trophies, the result of 13 expeditions, adorn the walls of Scotty's Cafe in Carlyle where, when his crowded professional schedule permits, he joins friends and visitors to discuss his favorite subject: big game hunting.

He laughs about the surprised look some persons have when he meets them. After seeing his collection and hearing about his exploits they picture him as being a tanned, grizzled sort of a character with a beard. In contrast, he has the appearance of any average businessman and perhaps looks more like a tenderfoot than a big game hunter.

Like most hunters, he has dreams of an expedition to Africa sometime. The only thing holding him back is "time and money."

of smoke curled up from the roof at the southeast corner.

We all fell to. I am sure that every item in the physics laboratory was carried to safety. On the fourth floor Dr. Allyn was picking out his Chaucer and other beloved works for us to carry down. We worked until we were ordered out, then stood and watched the building disintegrate.

"School was finished!

"There would be no more!

"With a sad heart I turned away, went to my room, then walked ten miles home.

The next day I went to Carbondale to get my belongings. The student body was all agog. A meeting in one of the churches was being addressed by a student from Centralia, begging us to stick to the ship.

We stuck. Classes resumed at once. The whirl of activity got going.

The Normal was still alive!



# Commencement Activities For Alumni

## SATURDAY, June 9

- 10:00 a. m.—Southern Illinois University Alumni Association Board Meeting; Board of Trustees House.
- 12:00 noon—Southern Illinois University Foundation and Alumni Board Luncheon; University Cafeteria.
- 1:30 p. m.—Southern Illinois University Foundation Meeting; Board of Trustees House.
- 2-6 p. m.—Special Class Reunions for the classes of 1876, 1881, 1886, 1891, 1896, 1901, 1906, 1911, 1916, 1921, 1926, 1931, 1936, 1941, 1946.
- 5-6:30 p. m.—Open House at the home of University President and Mrs. D. W. Morris, 1003 S. Thompson.
- 6:30 p. m.—Alumni Banquet; Old Science Gymnasium; Price \$1.75 per plate; reservations must be made with Wayne M. Mann, Director of Alumni Services, by June 7.

## SUNDAY, June 10

- 7:00 p. m.—Graduation Exercises; McAndrew Stadium; Address by Dr. Robert C. Hutchins, Director of the Ford Foundation, former Chancellor, University of Chicago.

## A Man of the Town

Continued from page 19

months in the South Pacific as a first lieutenant.

Back in civvies, he returned to Northwestern where he received a master's degree in journalism. A friend-teacher recommended him for a "pinch-hit" job at WGN, where he clicked so well, he became a permanent fixture.

From WGN, he went to New York to the Voice of America show; then advanced himself to night news editor of the Mutual Broadcasting System. He held that post until the past few weeks, when he was promoted to Assistant Director of the News.

On being probed as to what it takes to break into radio, Ben asserts, "It takes everything from a flair for showmanship to a willingness to work hard to knowing the vice-president of a network to being married to a prominent actress to being in the right place at the right time to having experience—and back again."

## SOUTHERN'S NEW FLAG

The back cover of the ALUMNUS is a reproduction of the University's new flag designed by Burnett Shryock and Sanderson Knaus of the art department. The banner was unveiled during the Spring Festival activities and accepted as the University's official flag.

On a background of maroon and white, Southern's colors, the symbol motif shows a pyramid, carrying out the Egyptian theme. The three lines of the pyramid also stand for the basic university functions of instruction, research and area services. Across the pyramid is the white saluki, the new school symbol.

Alum Hubert M. Riherd, Air Force captain in Fairbanks, Alaska, dropped the flag over the North Pole on May 17. We believe that Southern is the first university to have its flag dropped over the Pole.



